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*ἔνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμιλλᾷ
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῦσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.*

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T H E

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THE MIND AND THE HAND.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY CHARLES W. KASE, '72.

The mind and the hand: the mind which conceives, the hand which executes: the mind which argues, the hand which demonstrates: the mind which reflects, the hand which remodels: the mind which discovers mechanical defects, the hand which supplies mechanical remedies: the mind all *thought*, the hand all *action*, of these we shall speak.

Not to analyze the faculties of thought or the motives of physical action, not to measure the brain itself with the stupendous products of its operation, but let ours be the duty to show the power and the triumphs of both the mind and hand, as well as to determine the medium through which this power has been developed, and these triumphs obtained.

Let ours be the duty of the *enthusiast*, who looks with wonder upon them as together they explore the hidden mysteries of the earth, and disclose the deep secrets of the

skies : who beholds with astonishment and admiration the products of their *co-operation*, which stand as immortal monuments typifying the triumph of human ideas, and rejoices in the consideration that all these triumphs are due to the energies of a mind and hand possessing the same vital functions, and displaying the same wonderful construction as his own ; knowing that whether they mount up to the summit of the sky, or dig down to the centre of the earth, both point to a common Creator, and both are responsible to a Universal God.

First then the *power of the mind and the hand*. There is in a single drop of water an electric force as great as in the most terrific thunder storm that has ever darkened our heavens, and there is in a single idea a power as grand as that identified with the greatest reformation that has ever shaken the universe. To prescribe limits to the influence of a single noble thought is, indeed, impossible : it sheds light upon old ideas giving them a new and broader range of power, and unites opposing factions which exist in almost every school of thought.

Not only does it thus form the nucleus around which old ideas are associated but it opens new realms of thought, institutes new academies of science, offers new facilities for action, turns art and literature into broader channels, turns also individual opinions into a common stream, thus causing uniformity of action, and changing the aims and destinies of nations ; while it places into the hands of coming generations the key by which other scientific and literary treasures may be unlocked, concerning the greatness and value of which we, of to-day do not conceive. Those monuments which we consider our grandest, and those products of thought and labor which we consider stupendous may be but the corner stones to structures, which, were they contemplated by the men of to-day, would seem to them like

the vain plans of another Babel, for, to reproduce an idea of De Tocqueville, though not in his exact words, "man leaves behind him no more enduring monument, than that which commemorates his own weakness."

There has never been an age that furnished such facilities for scientific and literary attainments as the present one—nor, has there been one, so marked for the depth and truth of its philosophy. We have taken the gems from every treasury of Art, Science, Literature, and have formed a school of each that is pure and refined. Upon all sides we behold advancement and prosperity. Now what power has it been that has from time to time so metamorphosed the earth, and so advanced religion, society, the church and the state, education and morality, until we behold in our own age, the elements of the noblest civilization that history has ever chronicled? What power has it been that has torn asunder the mighty girdle of the universe, and discovered the gold, silver and precious sparkling stones therein. That has tunneled nature through and through, that has turned stones to machinery, that has at last mounted upward, grasped the secrets of the stars and brought them down to earth, bringing man nearer to God, God nearer to man, purifying and ennobling the one, glorifying and exalting the other? It has been the power of the mind and of the hand. Now consider that despite the past and its glorious history, despite all the products of mental and physical exertion which we behold in the present age, we are even yet unable to prescribe the bounds of this power, or to tell in what grand era it will culminate. How infinitely beyond expression is conception—and how grand the thought which language strives in vain to embody. Ah! every true philosopher recognizes more readily the power of his mind by that which is unuttered, than by that which

is expressed ; and how true and how beautiful are the lines of Proctor, which we will here reproduce :

"Dwells within the soul of every artist,
More than all his effort can express,
And he knows the *best* remains *unuttered*,
Sighing at what we call his *success*.

No great thinker ever lived and taught you,
ALL the wonder that HIS soul received ;
No true painter ever set on canvas,
All the glorious vision he conceived—

Things of time have voices : speak and perish.
'Hand and mind SPEAK !' but their words must be,
Like sighings of illimitable forests,
And waves of an unfathomable sea."

Let us now turn to the triumphs of the mind and hand.

The past and the present—between these two extremes are all the products of thought and of labor. Taking our station at the beginning and looking up the long line of years, we see men at first fallen, sinful, weak, existing simply as blots upon space, then we see them gradually and gradually increasing in numbers, rude at first, yet step by step, year by year, age by age, maturing in physical and intellectual attainments, prescribing laws, establishing governmental systems, increasing daily in strength, dignity, dominion, until finally we see them on the one hand bridging rivers, plowing seas, tunneling mountains, spanning cataracts, girdling continents, uniting worlds, and on the other raising the standard of Truth, Virtue, universal education and universal liberty—growing stronger in science, in literature, in art ; walking upon earth, yet, in their intellectual greatness towering to the very heavens, calculating the vast domains of space, calling each star by name, and reducing to a simple system the grand revolutions of the fiery worlds above. We see the past revived, the dead reënlivened, and the tongues which have been mute for

ages speak to us anew in eloquence and in power. We see great men pass away from earth, but their ideas, which are immortal, are caught up, wrought out, ennobled, perpetuated, until Life seems like an endless journey, the grand central point of which seems to move farther and farther away, as each succeeding generation steps upon the stage.

O Mind, master of the hand! O Hand, true loyal servant of the mind! when shall the depths of your power be fathomed, and where shall the line of your triumphs end? Touching, as with a magician's wand, the dreary places of earth, causing the wilderness to bloom, and the desert to blossom—mounting up, as the wings of some noble bird, to the highest realms of Poetry and Art, then sweeping down again o'ercharged with sacred thoughts and holy inspirations: moving, as with the power of some celestial giant, among the walks of Nature, tracing God in the atom and God in the mass. Teaching, as with the wisdom of some noble philosopher, that we, as children, should make use of the playthings which the Father has given us that at the end we may return to Him with our problems solved, displaying, as with the inspiration of Deity Himself the grand machinery of Heaven and earth, then leading us back to the Architect who sits upon the "grand white throne."

Now, having shown, to some extent, the power and the triumphs of the mind and hand, let us determine the medium through which this power has been developed and these triumphs obtained.

After all life has but few heroes. The world is full of thinkers, it feels the want of actors. Man plans too much, he executes too little. He philosophizes but he too seldom dares, grows old in theory but dies a babe in practice, having too seldom accomplished really *enough* to form any just theme for a noble epitaph. Theory without demonstration has seldom gained the world's attention, never the world's

applause; ambition without endeavor has never carried a man from obscurity to greatness, while thought which does not find some medium through which to make itself known, dies undeveloped in the mind, and like a jewel locked in a casket the world never catches a gleam of its brilliancy. Sensible men seek for actual *results*, they are not satisfied by mere ideas; they judge a fellow man's real worth by what he really accomplishes, and not by probing the depths of his philosophy. They would turn to practical use the visible and the material rather than reason concerning the unseen and the unknown. We see men out in the world every day whose talent we know to be acute, sometimes even remarkable, but yet we see other men of less scientific and literary ability, but possessing greater powers of perseverance and endurance far outstrip and in the actual battle of life superceding them.

From this you readily perceive that we consider *labor* the only medium to greatness in any sphere of life: that it to a very great extent determines the power, and is of course the cause of all the triumphs of the mind and of the hand: that it is the foundation of all true aristocracy and nationality, and that it is the only means by which the doctrine of "human perfectibility" can to any degree whatever become true. We show to the world the power of our minds by our works. All men might be taken for philosophers as far as personal appearances are concerned, did not *labor* determine who were the giants and who were the dwarfs. Our intelligence might discover some great error in the Church or in the State, but how would our fellow men be benefited, or how would we benefit ourselves did we never use *labor* as a means by which we might supply the necessary remedy? Thought enables us to form our own personal motives for action, but labor is that power by means of which we stamp those same motives upon the hearts and

minds of other men. Do we not recognize the attributes of Deity through His works, and do we not gain some conception of His power by the operations of His hand? Labor is identified with all progression, with all existence, with every form, type and color in the natural world around us, aye man could read the secret of his greatness in the growth of a single violet, as it drinks in the sunshine, which is its wisdom, and gives forth its perfume, which is its philosophy. But not only is labor identified *with* everything great and beautiful that we behold around us, but labor is of itself everything! 'Tis labor that awakens the mind and fills the soul with noble thoughts, which burst forth in melodies almost divine, but we call it *Poetry*. 'Tis labor that nerves and guides the hand which from the rude marble shapes forms and figures so true to life that it would require but a Promethean spark to cause them to live and act, but we call it *Sculpture*. 'Tis labor that upon the rude canvas reproduces nature in all her grandest and loveliest moods, but we call it *Painting*. 'Tis labor that subdues, analyzes and classifies all knowledge into systems, but we call it *Science*. 'Tis labor than in the minutest atom as well as in the most stupendous mass, traces the finger of a divine architect, conceives that architect to be good and far above any of His works, but we call it *Religion*.

Aside from the proof of our assertion which has been drawn from nature, there is another, that labor determines our position in society. In our country we recognize no such thing as hereditary greatness. Our heroes are men whose brows are damp with the dew of honest work. The laboring men are the aristocrats of America. Those who trust to circumstance or destiny for position and influence never attain either. Destiny is that phantom which we idly chase in life, and which in death strives to soothe our broken heartstrings with the lie, that we were born to be

miserable and obscure. One of England's most popular writers thus speaks of that wicked and pernicious word: "It is destiny—phrase of the weak, human heart: it is destiny—dark apology for every error. The true and the virtuous admit *no* destiny; on earth guides conscience—in heaven watches God, and destiny is but the phantom we invoke to stifle our conscience, to dethrone our God."

In the face of all these things, with history, religion and our own intelligence to direct us, what therefore remains for us to do? Simply to fall down upon our knees and take upon our shoulders the burden of that old, old command: that old command which was spoken in trumpet-tones from the throne of God, to man prostrate in the dust below; that old command by virtue of which our fathers toiled and our fathers triumphed—"In the sweat of thy brow shall ye eat bread."

In face of this command idleness ceases to be discreditable, and becomes *criminal*, while it is always followed by remorse: and what remorse is so terrible as that which accompanies the neglect of study?

We are therefore called upon to toil, which we should do with all patience and diligence. Some one has said "Labor breeds cheerfulness," and he was right—for if nature were attuned to the dispositions of some men, every day would be rainy, every night murky, indeed we need go no farther than the idle man to prove the doctrine of "total depravity."

We are influenced to toil, because whatever we leave behind us that is true and original, will be recognized as our own forever. Ideas can be associated but they cannot be mixed; truths can be grouped but they cannot be mingled, every thought is forever distinct—consequently every great thinker will have a thousand posthumous works, every great actor a thousand immortal monuments.

The very organism of our minds shows we were created to conceive great things: the very organism of our bodies shows we were made to execute them, while the intimate relation existing between the mind and the hand shows that we were not made to *think* only but to act also.

Our success, we may safely say our salvation depends upon ourselves to a very great degree—not upon the products of our toil, but upon the earnestness with which we struggle. The world is a vast field, ideas are the flowers growing therein, while every man is either a butterfly or a bee; a butterfly to dance idly from rose to rose, or a bee to dive into the inmost heart of every flower within reach to analyze, to study, to enjoy.

As we go with the fleeting years we should remember that there is a time coming in which we shall cease to look forward to the future and begin to look back over the past. We shall all have the knowledge of what we have been, and unless we have thought and acted with zeal and with rectitude that very knowledge will chase us and fight us like a fiend.

But if at the end we shall have been true and loyal workers, then with a heart thoroughly purged and probed, and a past filled with the monuments of our own charity and toil we can lift honest minds and honest hands toward heaven, while upon our lips will spring that grand jubilate of mingled melody and praise—

“To day a song is on my lips,
Earth seems a paradise to me,
For God is good, and Lo! my ships
Are coming home from sea.”

THE TAKING OF THE SUBURBS.

SEE IRVING'S GRANADA.

It was, in truth, a noble band the king led forth that day;
 All Andalusia's well-tried men right skilful in foray,
 And every Spanish nobleman, with his retainers strong,
 Were there, upon the king's command,—a gallant train, and long.

And there were we, to fight our best for dear old England's fame,
 To fight against the Moorish churls in Jesus' glorious name;—
 And Rivers was our leader bold,—none e'er more brave than he!
 We, hundreds two, sharp axes bore, and one, the tough yew-tree.

All round steep Albohacen's height the Moors, impetuous, rushed,
 By El Zegri's loud shouts cheered on,—with transient vict'ry flushed,
 But Don Alonzo stood at bay, and Ponce de Leon,
 And mingled was the battle cry with the wounded's dying groan.

Outnumbered far, yet still they fought,—those valiant Spaniards proud,
 While crossbow bolts thinned out their ranks and thro' their companies plowed;
 In desperate plight they seemed indeed, to all appearance doomed.—
 But, as each fell, among a heap of Moors he lay entombed!

And when we from the mountains came, and gained a lofty height,
 And looked upon that handful brave, and on their desperate plight,—
 Then,—then indeed, with eager hearts, we longed to strike a blow
 With merry England's broad-axe strong and t' draw the tough yew-bow.

The brave Earl's blood, upon his cheek, up mounted, then, full high,—
 He prayed that we, in English style, our fortunes there might try.
 And, when the king consent did give, then, from his horse he sprung,
 And, as he marshalled our array, with shouts the mountains rung.

On foot he fought, with open face, and armed just as were we,—
 A martial sight he was indeed, a gallant sight to see!
 He spoke to us a few blunt words,—“St. George for England!” cried,
 Then rushed him on,—we rushed on too, and fought right by his side!

Ah! ne'er before had Moslem proud engaged in such a fray!
 Ah! ne'er before had Moslems fought as fought they on that day!
 And ne'er before had Spanish knight such deeds of prowess done,
 And ne'er before had Ferdinand seen a field so bravely won!

The Spaniards gazed in wonder on as we to battle sprang,
The Spaniards heard with rising blood the battle axes' clang,—
And well they might,—to right and left we hewed our bloody way,—
As woodmen in the forest strike, so smote we on that day!

The archers followed close behind, and plied right well the bow;
At every twang the bow-string made a Moslem was laid low!
The battle-axes flashed in air, the bow-strings twanged amain,—
Right through the Moslem ranks we cleared a broad and bloody lane!

The yeomen strong of old Castile pressed on right by our side,
For, sooner far than be outdone, they'd rather there have died!
But, still a little in the van, our gallant leader kept,—
In what a dire and deadly curve his battle-axe he swept!

El Chico, long ere this, was borne to Loxa's friendly gate;
But on we pressed to where, enhorsed, fierce El Zegri now sate.
He waited not to meet us there, but, urging on his band,
He charged with more than mortal might, and fought us hand to hand.

'Twas rushing 'gainst a mountain firm to rush against us then!
He charged full strongly, then recoiled, and bravely charged again!
And, fiercely fighting, fell he there, as th' brave alone can fall,—
E'en his Gomerès then gave way, and, with them, gave way all!

We chased them through Xenil's red waves,—all red with Moorish blood,—
Some slew we on the narrow bridge,—some in the raging flood;
Some fell in Loxa's suburbs gay, some at the very wall,—
Oh, thus to die, in safety's reach, was the hardest fate of all!

We chased them to the very gates, and only stopped us there,—
For there they smote our gallant lord,—too ready e'er to dare!
They smote him full upon the face, and wounded him full sore;
Ah! tenderly then lifting him, his form to the rear we bore.

But wounded though full sore he was, when back to life he came,
He thought to leave the conquered streets would slur his gallant fame.
He swore he'd die ere he'd retreat, by our St. George he swore,—
Ah! like a god he seemed indeed, tho' black with blood and gore!

Thus were the suburbs taken then, by hardy English thews ;
And thus the Moorish garrison received their bloody dues ;
We came forth but to save our friends, on Albohacen's height,—
We gained this, and far more beside, with gallant English might.

The army camped upon a spot on the Granada side ;
And Cadiz's gallant lord again to Albohacen hied ;—
But in the suburbs we remained, and held them sturdily,
Since we had bought them with our blood we'd keep them or we'd die !

GIBBON AS A HISTORIAN.

That Gibbon intended to produce the great work he *did* produce, we do not believe. Urged on by the ignoble object of self-aggrandizement alone, he could never have supposed the noble result.

Acquainted with that result, we can only wish for our literature the work that he would have given to it, had he been imbued with the same spirit that moved Goethe to continue his labors and give "Faust" to the world ; that buoyed Hume through years of fameless toil ; that should have impelled Campbell to bring forth something better than "Gertrude" or "The Pleasures of Hope:"—for we well know he was able. Gibbon's History, as it is, exhibits in a remarkable degree two of the most striking beauties of Historical Composition, and likewise reveals in its Author one of the most unpleasing deformities of Historical Genius ; and remembering the object of its creation, we may wonder that it is as good as it is.

The most striking of these beauties, and the most distinguishing characteristic of our Historian, is a Construc-

tive Imagination, or, Power to generalize History. Here Gibbon is almost alone. Had we never known him, we would place Alison, by virtue of his battle scenes, first among the painters in History, but Gibbon is more than a painter. His work exhibits dramatic vigor and conciseness; and, taking the most eventful fourteen centuries of our world's existence, he proves the world indeed to be a stage and all its nations "merely players." The haughty Roman, the reckless Goth, the polite Saracen, the merciless Tartar, and the simple Arab, constitute the actors; the revolutions of empires, the marches of Tamerlane, the conquests of religious enthusiasts, the sacking of Capitols, the "funeral train" of departed royalty, the hospitalities of the Bedouin, and the sufferings of the civic martyr, constitute the scenes; and the palaces of the Roman, the wilds of Sarmatia, the cheerless steppes of Siberia, the azure peaks of Caledonia, the palm-plumed groves of Syria, and the arid deserts of Arabia, constitute the scenery of this great drama. Many and medley as are the *Dramatis Personæ*, they pass before us, each having so performed his part that we can with ease remember what it was and how it was performed; and while our attention is almost entirely devoted to what is passing before us, we inwardly admire the greatness of the mind that produced such a Cosmos from such a Chaos.

The other great beauty of Gibbon is his Style. We think that English Historical Literature hardly affords its equal. Though modern critics have almost universally condemned it as full of all defects yet its more universal popularity—so to speak—affirms its many virtues. No other writer so fills the imagination of his readers with the measure of his sentences. No other writer tells so many facts so briefly, so interestingly and so clearly; and consequently no other writer will be so much read and understood. Sit-

ting among Roman ruins, in the shadows cast by the dying splendors of an Autumn evening, he conceived the plan of writing the story of Rome's "Decline and Fall," and we might expect that he would recount that story in a manner to some degree concordant with the associations that gave it birth. But we do not expect the grandeur that we find. He often surpasses the stately march of Milton's Epic with the measure of his rhythm. Few poets have surpassed the melancholy grandeur with which our historian paints the picture of an Empire's decay: and his emotions become our own, that greatness should thus pass away.

Gibbon's great defect was his want of philosophical power. We love to follow Alison as he speculatively demonstrates what might have been the fate of such a King or Kingdom. It greatly teaches us in the observation of events, and we admire the philosophical genius of the man who can create half a dozen theoretical fates for an empire; and we might wish that Gibbon, who, above all men, was acquainted with Roman History in all its minuteness, had produced some acceptable theory of its "Decline and Fall." But dating that decline from a period when her power had long been waning, and remarking that, perhaps, Christianity aided in its fall, he leaves the reader to search out his own causes and construct his own theories. Perhaps, one may say, that the introduction of Philosophy would have made the exciting history a tedious disquisition, would have seriously detracted from its dramatic power, but we think not. We are not the less pleased with Shakespeare because Hamlet soliloquizes on "To be, or not to be";—because Brutus says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,—neglected, and the voyage of their lives is broken up in shallows and in miseries"; and we are willingly instructed when Goethe makes Faust to exclaim, "Our actions equally with our sufferings

clog the course of our lives." We believe that the value of Gibbon's work would have been greatly increased had he but displayed a part of the philosophical power of Alison, Macauley, or Hume. Had his motive been other than that of self-aggrandizement; had he, as Robertson, fancied himself before the tribunal of posterity's censorship; or, as Hume, been guided only by a pure love for literature;—he would have instructed us with his philosophy as well as have charmed us with his dramatic scenes; and while we wonder at and admire his work as the result of an ignoble aim, we must regret that that aim had not been other than it was.

Although it is not comprehended in the general view that we have taken of our subject, we wish to speak of the character of our Historian's infidelity. It would seem in writing against Christianity, as if, having thrice repudiated it, the venom of his hatred against it had increased in geometrical ratio. With such a stimulus, and with rich qualifications of mind, study and travel, he attempts the overthrow of Truth; and had it been a possible achievement, he had succeeded. The subtlety of his arguments is unrivaled. He draws no direct conclusions, but, charming the reader with the vigor and beauty of his language, holding his attention entire by the apparent frankness and fairness of his statements, he arranges all with the hand of a master artist, and leaves but one conclusion for the reader to draw. Thus his work is the most dangerous of all attacks upon Divine Revelation, for the reader is loath to doubt the correctness of the conclusion that he has drawn himself, and at the same time will hardly admit that the writer allowed him but one conclusion, and that one his own. Even in parts of his work where he is not professedly speaking against the cause of the Bible and truth, he gives it a side thrust that is not parried because not foreseen. In treating

of the rise of Mahomedanism, he so speaks of it that he leaves upon the mind a favorable impression of it as compared with Christianity; and in one instance he contrasts Mahomet and Solomon in such a manner that you unconsciously conclude that Mahomet was as good a man as Solomon after all. The very nature of our historian's subject affords him a high and unequaled vantage-ground which cannot be taken from him. There has been but one Roman Empire to decline and there will be no other. There has been but one rise of Christianity and the world will see no other: and as no historian can supersede Gibbon here, so the world cannot afford, and if it could, no critic has the power to expunge the evil from his work to retain the good. Thus he stands unequaled in the lasting mischief he has wrought against light and truth. In guilty pre-eminence does he stand above all other enemies of Christian Religion, the Anak of the Anakim who oppose the armies of the living God, "the last and choicest of the creations of the Powers of Darkness—even as Man was the last and choicest of the creations of the Most High."

And where is Gibbon to-day? What position does he hold in Universal Literature? Will mankind to-day endorse the judgment of the British Essayist who said that "the mind of Gibbon could have been cut out of one corner of Burke's"? We believe not! For mankind must remember that Burke was a philosopher to be a prophet, while Gibbon was a student to be a Historian? We can imagine Burke speculatively writing the history of the French Revolution before it came, but the glorious monument that Gibbon has reared to the memory of the most eventful fourteen centuries of our world's life is not a work of less Genius. It places Gibbon supreme among Historians, "alone in the solitude of his own superiority." No one will dare to rival his work, hereafter, any more than

one would dare to attempt the erection of such another pyramid as that of Cheops. His work is the Colossus of Historical Literature, the Coliseum of the births of Historical Genius.

ARION'S UNPARALLELED RIDE ; OR, THE FIRST ORIGINAL CIRCUSMAN.

PRELUDE.

Translation of the 24th section of Johnson's Herodotus, reproduced from Cary's popular "*pony*":

"Now Periander was king of Corinth, and the Corinthians say that a wonderful prodigy occurred in his life-time. They say that Arion of Methymna, who was second to none of his time in accompanying the harp, &c., was carried to Taenarus on the back of a Dolphin, &c."

Great as was the old Greek historian, Herodotus, and much as we have wrestled with his chronicles, there still lingers in our imagination an idea, which, however, our own unreliable fancy may have created, that the grave and accomplished ancient has greatly impaired the interest of very many astounding incidents, by passing over them in a very careless and indifferent manner, so that prodigies as he records them appear ordinary, while, had he but developed them, they would have been considered the most wonderful things which human credibility had ever been called upon to swallow.

To illustrate what we mean we have reproduced one of his paragraphs in which Arion figures conspicuously, and

in which that wonderful ride upon the philanthropic dolphin, which should have been described in full detail, is merely mentioned. Of the particulars of that trip no one since the time it really took place has ever known – and the world in all human probability would have remained in ignorance forever, did I not now reproduce the incidents of that wonderful journey which I found in an old work during my recent visit to Greece, and which must be of considerable interest to students.

THE STORY.

It was a glorious day, and the proud ship “*δε καί*” was plowing the briny deep with all that pertinacity so characteristic of all classic barks, bound for a distant port across a somewhat treacherous sea. Above her was the same old stereotyped sky that we see above any vessel of modern build, while over the broad expanse of the ocean naught could be seen, save an old empty mackerel barrel and a couple of gulls.

Upon the poop deck sat a pale looking individual, chiefly characterized by an immense amount of back hair, and a profusion of cravat.

This was the celebrated Arion.

My hero, the identical Arion, I regret to say was not a handsome man, for his body was lean, and lank, and long, while his face was of a peculiar mould of which Physiognomy has failed to speak; besides this his body appeared as though his meals had been scanty and irregular, and his face gave every assurance that he was painfully conscious of the fact: but at the same time despite this there was something remarkable about that face; it reminded one forcibly of something he had never seen, while the vacuum which intervened between that face as it was, and what it might have been was simply immense. Indeed there has

never existed since that time a face which presented such a vast field for improvement as Arion's. His forehead was concealed under a slouch hat, so it will be impossible for us to say any thing farther about that, but let us hope for the best. His eyes were light, but were never celebrated for their brightness, owing perhaps to the fact that one of them was glass, and the other radically damaged by the unexpected snapping of one of his harp strings. His nose was perhaps the most signally unsuccessful and unfortunate one of his day. It was neither Roman nor Grecian, but seemed to combine the peculiar characteristics of both assisted by the original elements of our modern pug. His mouth was adapted by nature as it was by his vocation for expansion, while the expansion itself was simply incredible. When he laughed, which was only when he thought of the creditors he had left behind him, the corner of that wonderful mouth seemed to raise above either side of his head, which gave his face the appearance of an elongated half moon struck with a slab, and it was a favorite expression of his enemies that were it not for Arion's ears, Arion's mouth would go all the way round his head.

Arion, as we observed before was sitting upon the poop deck, with one foot in a spittoon and the other resting on a keg of nails, gazing upon the distant sun which Daniel was driving at the customary pace, wondering perhaps at the sensation he had caused at the last port, when the Captain of the "*δε xαι*" a long headed chap with several pounds of trumpet under one arm and a volume of Robinson Crusoe under the other, came up, and removing Arion's foot from the keg of nails in a manner which indicated enthusiasm upon his (the Captain's) part, deposited himself upon it after the same fashion in which we poor moderns do, save that the concussion was a trifle greater.

Arion smiled one of his crescent smiles and offered the officer a cigar, which the latter individual seemed to enjoy

much better than if he had paid for it himself, while Arion saw it vanish by volumes in the air, weaving that melancholy expression upon his countenance, which clearly showed he had a heart.

Arion lit a fresh one himself, and for some time the captain gazed into his countenance as though there was some passion hidden there for which he sought, but which was concealed beneath the wrinkles of that progressive mouth.

Sometimes a flush of exultation would light up the Captain's countenance, and then a ray of fear would tremble in his eye, and then again a deep, cruel, sinister look would drive every shade of manhood from his face, as though upon it emotions were at war, while that dark cloud upon his features told too plainly the malice lurking in his heart. Hearts write their secrets on our forms and faces, they are our betrayers both in love and hate, and they tell things which cause our tongues to curse, and they kindle that fire in our eye and spread that color in our cheeks which tells our fellow men to trust, or to beware.

O Arion, sitting so unconsciously contented upon the deck, smoking as though a mother's face was seen in every ring that floats, and waves, and breaks upon the air, turn now your gaze from the pure horizon of heaven, to the darker, blacker horizon of man's soul, written upon man's face, and read. Turn from those clouds of gold and amber which are lit up with all the poetry of sunshine, to those clouds of fear and hate, which are lit up with all the treachery of Cain, now moving backward and forward across the Captain's face like spectres, and which he lowers his head to conceal. There's plunder there! There's *murder* there! for theft will grasp its gold nor heed the flow of brother's blood, while he who steals serves Hell too well to heed the prayers which mercy sends to Heaven. Arion, our eloquence is exhausted, and still you do not turn.

No, nor he won't turn. He keeps his position with as much indomitable tenacity as though turning was a volition foreign to himself, and something which he never intended making a speciality. At this juncture it occurs to us that our burst of eloquence above, which for a person of our calibre must really be gratifying to all our friends, has been in vain. Alas, 'tis ever thus! Philanthropy is often the criminal of Indifference, for Ignorance and Pride suspect what they cannot understand, and scoff at Virtue, because 'tis an attribute they never possessed: indeed, the only reward the good have, perhaps, is that little heart throb, to crush which, were to crush Truth itself.

"Arion," said the captain depositing his trumpet upon a three-legged stool and turning carelessly the leaves of Alexander Selkirk's great work, "it's a fine day, ain't it?"

Arion did actually turn about, apparently greatly excited and impressed with the captain's words, and gave the officer to understand that he agreed with them.

"Arion," continued the captain, slapping the great singer enthusiastically upon the left knee, and slyly peeping into his outside pocket to see if he had any more cigars, "there is something which has often impressed me greatly during our voyage, something which tells me I am right, and something which now bids me utter—that you are a 'trump.'"

Arion and the captain both laughed heartily, and administered unto their diaphragms with something from a pocket flask, which Arion always carried.

"And now," continued the upright officer, "I suppose you must have picked up considerable stamps 'a catering to the public taste?'"

Arion made no reply, but indulged in one of his semi-circular smiles, by which it was evident that he was reminded of how he had "*euchred*" a poor saloon keeper at

the last port, by turning the spigot of a keg of beer while the proprietor was in the back room; and the semi-circular smile became almost circular, as he remembered how the old fellow raved when he discovered it, and offered twenty-five cents "fur that feller as had done gone and done that."

The captain, after indulging heartily in a paper of "Century" which Arion unconsciously, in his innocent mirth, had drawn from his left coat tail pocket, sauntered towards the bow of the boat upon which another officer and two or three tars were standing. These last mentioned individuals did not take off their hats when the captain came up, probably because it was not the custom then, but more probably because they did not have any hats on, owing to a gale encountered in a previous voyage.

Then and there did the captain and the others arrange the preliminaries to one of the most audacious crimes ever perpetrated.

The bright sun hid his face, and a shadow crept over the waters, the attendant sea gull fluttered wildly in mid air, and Arion's three-legged stool slipped out from under him, but still he did not suspect, although he appeared to be conscious that he was not, where he HAD BEEN, just a moment previous.

But, O captain, pause! though your plot is deep, and your end sure to be gained, still justice never rests her wings. The sea hath its waves, and the tempest its breath, and justice speaks often through the elements using the rattling thunder as a voice by which to speak, and the vivid lightning as a sword by which to kill. You may slay Arion, but you cannot lull the waves, nor stay the storm, which, in their fury, may destroy you and your cannibal crew, ere the distant port is reached.

Alas! again is our eloquence for naught—for the captain does not pause, but in diabolical terms asserts that

"Arion ain't much on a fight," and that "he has dead loads of stamps," furthermore that "our little game must be played at once;" and tells the tars that they must be in readiness when he gives a blast upon his gigantic trumpet. Approaching Arion again with that erudite rascality which characterizes adepts in crime, the captain said :

"Old boy! life is very unsartin, ain't it, now?"

"Yes, indeed! and so be three-legged stools, I reckon, cap.," facetiously responded the harp player.

"Well, Arion," continued the officer, "in my opinion philanthropy consists as much in averting misfortune, as in assisting individuals upon whom that misfortune has really fallen; now, at the best, life, as Shakespeare says, is but a stage; a stage full of tawdry scenery, ballet costumes, and harlequin traps, and we have concluded to assist you in speedily 'shuffling off your coil,' and shall cabbage all your available bonds and railroad stocks, generously allowing you to retain a couple of shin-plasters in order that you may pay Charon for taking you over the Styx."

"Alas!" cried Arion, "thus have I lived, and run in debt, and cheated my creditors, and told my grand-mother yarns in vain! O, woe is me! Stamps must go, eh captain?"

"Yes, sir! Sorry that they can't go with you though. The high regard which we entertain for our own interests forbids any such ridiculous thing as that; but have you anything to say?"

"Nothing, except this:

'I rise to remark, and my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain,
Corinthian tars are peculiar,'
Which I wish I had time to explain"—

"but, captain, don't take my life! I'll give you all my stamps, together with a draft on Socrates for a thousand;

besides this, I've a wife in Corinth and several other relations whom I will also give you, if you'll only let me have my life."

"Can't be done, Ary," said the captain, "but, lest you should imagine that we are not generous, we will give you the choice of the instrument by which you shall slay yourself, excluding none but old age."

"Well, captain, it's like castor oil to take, but it must be taken; and so, if you will permit me, I'll dress up, sing a song, and then go searching for crabs or some other fish."

"All right," said the captain, "but when you dive overboard for crabs, be careful that you don't get 'SNAILED' by some reckless whale. Now really, old fellow, we don't want to kill you a bit, but you see it is absolutely necessary. Now let me illustrate this by a familiar example. Now when you were a little boy and went to the public school, it was necessary for you, as it is for all little boys who attend public schools, to have a fine tooth comb drawn vigorously through your locks every night and morning; but was your mother content with simply cleaning out that head? No! nor was she content until the agile creature extracted therefrom was totally demolished under her thumb. This is a similar case, for we are not content with simply '*going through you*,' nor will we be completely happy until you are demolished under our several thumbs."

Arion saw that Hope had gone somewhere on a visit, that Mercy was evidently making love to some other cardinal virtue, and so adjourned to the cabin.

He put on his store clothes; oiled his hair; drew on his boots; encased his hands in white kids; and, kissing a portrait of Louis Napoleon and dropping a tear over another of General McClellan, he grasped his harp, which, I regret to say he had stolen from a little Italian boy who used

to play every morning near a corner grocery in Corinth, and came upon deck, when the captain and the mate, and various members of the crew were engaged in a rough and tumble fight, owing to a slight difficulty which had arisen in their minds concerning the manner in which the stamps should be divided.

After the captain had choked the mate, till his face somewhat resembled our national banner, and after he had hammered the subordinates over the head with a trumpet until they vociferously cried for quarter he turned towards Arion and said,

"Come now, old fellow, 'speil.'"

The melancholy fingers swept over the wires, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, and with some cigar smoke which he had a little while before deposited quite low in his throat for the purpose of blowing out rings, he sang that plaintive melody so appropriate just then

"Put me in my little bed."

After which the sailors cried very much, and even the captain dropped a tear, which was on account of his cigar being so near his eye.

Then did Arion mount the keg of nails and cry:

"O, sailors, my sail is o'er! O mate, I am check mated! I go where the woodbine twineth, having no idea though of the exact locality in which it twines. I had hoped to see my own body decently buried in dry land before I died, but respond to your earnest wishes.

"Those notes which I hold against prominent Greeks can, in the main, be collected. The only one that is strictly 'dead letter,' is against Diogones; Plato may hesitate, but flatter his Republic and he'll 'come down.'

"Let no one say when I am dead that I didn't die first class! My career terminates with my life, I have no wish that it should be continued beyond my life. If any of you

should, in the course of time meet with my wife you need not say 'do not weep,' because she will not so far forget herself as to cry. I know I wouldn't for her. But get married, all of you, upon the first opportunity—it's nice, exciting, will improve your debating propensities, and will render you invulnerable against kicks and scalds. Good-bye! *E pluribus Unum!* Remember that to be virtuous you must be happy, and that Washington was the Father of his Country."

Having said this he leaped in mid air and went down, down, and kept on going down until the thing became monotonous, then came up, up, until his head shot up above the waves. He felt cold, very cold; and he saw the ship scudding on with the gale, and he saw above him the blue sky, and he saw around him the great ocean, when all at once it occurred to him that he must have left something down below and accordingly began going down, down again.

In the course of some twenty minutes he came up with a large sized cod fish between his legs, which has given rise to the ridiculous statement of Herodotus that he rode astride a dolphin. The creature was evidently a colt, was very unmanageable, and would have taken Arion all around the ocean, had not the gentle harper been so wide awake, and hit upon an idea. We said before that his cravat was profuse; and so, tearing that from his neck, he gently tickled the fish behind the ear with his index finger, at which the fish seemed ever so much delighted, and opened its mouth wide in its ecstasy, when Arion drew his cravat through the mouth, and, grasping an end in each hand, he had a nice pair of reins.

"Gel lang," shouted the merry hero, and the cod gel langed.

On they went through the water like mad, for the oysters and whales and small fishes took him for Neptune on a semi-annual tour, and get out of the way as fast as they could.

After the course of seven days he began to get hungry, and expressed his wish that he had a saddle, and at the end of the eighth day he drove up to an island. Hungry as he was, he would have greatly preferred a dry shirt to any thing else in the world. He dismissed his charger cod, and began to look around him. How long he stayed upon that island we are not able to state, but it was a great while, during which time he lived upon grass and *cheese*, though how he obtained the cheese, has ever been, and must still be a mystery. After he had been on land for some time he concluded that he had better take a walk over to the other side and see what he could discover. On his way across he met several giraffes, elephants, and Bengal tigers, but he settled them with a few stones, the mosquitoes only giving him alarm. After he had walked four or five months, he began to feel a little fatigued, when all at once he ran against an enormous city, and felt quite happy. Proceeding at once to the most fashionable hotel he registered his name, and "histed" at the bar in the basement, and indulged in some ham at the restaurant. From thence he proceeded to the printing office and had the following struck off:

A R I O N

WILL GIVE

A Grand Concert!
TO-NIGHT,
AT FISK'S OPERA HOUSE.
ADMISSION, . . . 50 cts.

N. B.—As this concert is to be strictly instrumental, all small children must be strangled at the raising of the curtain.

These bills he had posted upon all the principal stone walls, lamp posts and store boxes about the city; and, notwithstanding the short notice, he had a good house as all the daily papers announced the next day.

A steamer left for Taenarus the next morning, upon which he embarked, and in due time arrived there. Proceeding at once to the Western Union Telegraph office he sent a message to king Periander up at Corinth, that he would dine with him at four, to which message the king answered late in the afternoon, "You won't dine with me, NOT MUCH, if I know anything about it," upon the receipt of which Arion laughed heartily.

He went up to Corinth the next day by stage, called upon the king and told his story.

"My dear Arion, I regret to say that your story is 'thin', but it is even so," said the king.

"No, I'll be darned if it is! for I actually did ride that codfish an amazingly long distance, and claim the honor of being the first bare back rider in the world," responded Arion.

Just then a herald came in and said that the ship "*δε xaz*" had arrived, and that the captain and crew were outside.

"Now get under the table, Arion," said the king, "and we will soon see if you have told the truth."

Arion did so, and immediately after the captain and the crew entered.

"Well, my jolly tars, Arion the harper did not come in your tug? eh?" asked the king.

"No, my majesty, or I should say, your majesty, he didn't," returned the captain. "He said his fingers had the skin all peeled off on account of some diabolical scoundrel having heated his harp strings red hot just before he was about to play at a concert. And so we left him safe and sound at Tarentum."

"Just at this moment head over heels went the table, and Arion stood before them. The astonishment knocked the captain some ten feet, and he tumbled upon the king's left leg which was grievously afflicted with the gout.

"O my good Jupiter! my good Jupiter!" yelled his majesty. "Git up! git up! you're a killing of me! O my! O my! O my!" The captain arose while his majesty wailed with anguish.

"Here John!" he thundered, tenderly embracing his left leg. "John?" he yelled in a voice which cracked all the windows in the apartment, "Take this rascally captain and the crew out, and if I find hide or hair left of them in fifteen minutes, I'll see that your friends never find hide or hair of you. Understand, John?"

Arion was next day appointed commissioner of the poor. His life terminated with his existence, and he saw his wife decently interred before he died.

Thus having given a full and authentic report of Arion's wonderful journey, we consider our duty done.

C. W. KASE.

WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

Poetry, by the advance of criticism and the increase of literary productions, is becoming every day a more difficult art. It is a natural result of communing much with books, that a man becomes guarded in his statements, hesitates long before propounding anything strikingly original, while at the same time he is embarrassed by the suspicion that

what he is laboring to express in novel form, may in reality be borrowed from some one of his predecessors or contemporaries. Our minds are so mutually reactive, that it is often difficult to distinguish what we have contributed to the general stock, from that imparted to us by intercourse with others. The high state of intellectual culture, also, renders pre-eminence more difficult to be obtained than in periods when the minds of men were less actively employed. When freed from fear of criticism and the dread of plagiarizing, the man, who under present circumstances would produce nothing worthy of the name of poetry—might it is true have expressed the same ideas that had been already expressed by others, and in no better language than they, yet he might also have proceeded from these ideas to develop others of incalculable benefit to his fellow men. The voyager who sets out upon the track of his predecessors, may yet penetrate further than they into the unexplored country beyond; but if he is forced to start upon an entirely novel course, he will probably but lose his way and accomplish nothing for the cause of science.

The greatest minds, it is true, will assert their superiority under any circumstances. Shakespeare with Milton's education, would in all probability, have become a Milton; Milton, educated only by the bustle of active life and the pomp and glitter of the stage, might have been a Shakespeare; either, if living now, would become the founder of a new school of poetry. It requires, however, in these days, a genius such as theirs, to outstride the march of popular ideas and cultivated taste and to place itself at their head—prepared to turn them at its will. One, who in the early days of literature, might have moulded the poetry and the philosophy of his age, would now sink to the level of mediocrity!

In view of these facts, when we see a man boldly stepping forward and announcing himself as a reformer of poetic taste, we are prepared to witness a miserable failure! Here, then, Wordsworth placed himself at the outset in no very enviable light before his critical countrymen, and even had the issue which he took with his predecessors been well chosen and tenable, great obstacles must necessarily have been encountered. To reform poetic taste, required under any circumstances a master mind, and to this title we contend Wordsworth had no claim; but to have reformed the poetic art on the principles which he advocated, would indeed have required no ordinary genius!

He endeavored to found a school of poetry, which should be peculiar for the simplicity of its language. In this, he most signally failed! It is only when he breaks away from the trammels of affected simplicity, that he rises to those beautiful strains which place many of his poems among the finest productions of the country. We admit, there are some exceptions to this remark, as, for instance, in that beautifully pathetic tale of Poor Margaret in the first Book of the *Excursion*, though even here, his rules are not carried out in all their strictness. The fact was, that the character of the age did not admit of returning to the ancient simplicity of early poetry.

When a new country is to be opened, the pioneer needs only his axe and his plough to prepare the ground for yielding rich harvests; but his descendants can not afford to retain the simplicity of pioneer cultivation; they must adopt means to re-invigorate the soil and to economize its materials. So in poetry, several generations of authors will use the same stock of ideas over and over again—until a perfectly original thought startles us like an electric shock, and we are tempted to doubt the evidence of our senses. As a single instance of this fact, we have but to tax our imagina-

tion in the vain effort to produce something that has not been already said by England's greatest poets with regard to rural quiet or domestic happiness.

It is necessary, therefore, unless a poet would restrict himself to a very limited number of ideas, that he should avail himself of all allowable modes of expression, figures of speech, and turns of thought! To adopt, then, the unadorned language of the common people, was a step well calculated to excite unfavorable criticism together with not unmerited ridicule!

Far too large a proportion of Wordsworth's poetry is but illy disguised prose, or quite as often but a cloak to conceal a diffuseness which would not be tolerated in prose. It is as a Philosophical Poet that he has been especially admired by some; his philosophy is very apt to prove fatal to his poetry. Wherein does a tamely-written and tamely-delivered oration differ from a didactic lecture? and wherein does a spiritless poem differ from elegant and harmonious prose? Even figures of speech—in so far as they do not tend to conciseness and compressed energy—but are used merely for illustration and argument, are quite as admissible in prose as in verse. In true poetry, there must be an emotional, as well as an intellectual element. It is his power over the emotions that gives Byron his peculiar charm, and it is the absence of this that renders much of Wordsworth's writings tame and uninteresting.

There are, we have said, two opposite faults into which the poetry of Wordsworth is apt to fall; that of being readily translatable into prose; and that of containing thoughts which instead of being rare and choice flowers, requiring the shelter of the green-house only to develop their full beauty, are false ones, which fade when exposed to the full light of day. Milton's prose has far more of the poetical in it, than the vast majority, perhaps, of Wordsworth's poems.

We would not be understood, however, as denying Wordsworth's claims to be a true poet. We simply protest against his being recognized as a master-mind in poetic literature. His enthusiastic admirers have been so earnest and persevering in their tributes of praise, that candid judgment has too often been shamed into silence.

We do not hesitate, however, to award him a high place as a portrayer of nature, though we are not prepared to recognize him as incomparably superior to those who had preceded him. Byron, Grey, Campbell, Thompson and others have passages which will bear comparison in this respect with the best of Wordsworth's—while in practical love of nature and true simplicity of heart—without which simplicity of diction is but assumed—Cowper is immeasurably his superior. Yet there is in Wordsworth's fervent tributes to nature, something refreshing and soul-inspiring, above what ordinary poets afford us! It is this feature of his poetry, indeed, which reconciles us to much of his prosaic philosophy, and even sometimes forces us into unwonted admiration.

As a philosopher, he is in our opinion, popularly overestimated. He is by no means a deep thinker, nor can he lay claim to great originality. Like Coleridge and Southey, he was in early life a radical in politics and religion, and like them, he afterwards became a zealous supporter of Church and State. He could not, however, like Coleridge, adapt himself to his altered views, and become one of their most successful advocates. His later discussions on philosophical subjects are commonplace and inconclusive, and it is only the remembrance of his former errors that seems to stir the fire in his veins and to inspire him with an earnest desire to warn others of the insidious dangers lurking beneath specious statements of half-truths. He has aided to propagate a high morality and a healthy conservatism in

politics and religion; yet we cannot recognize the marks of genius in his more serious strains. In comparison with his friend Coleridge, he sinks into insignificance. In fact, he seems to have been much under the influence of his great associate and to have adopted many of his views at second hand.

Coleridge, too, understood what Wordsworth never appreciated, the fact that Poetry and Philosophy are in most cases benefited by separation—the Poetry thus affording large scope for the imagination, and the Philosophy becoming capable of greater exactness. We are far, indeed, from holding that Poetry is not useful or that Philosophy should not be made attractive; yet we hold that æsthetic culture is the main object of the one; intellectual discipline, the true aim of the other. Poetry is the bright grain, waving in the sunlight, delighting the eye, cheering the heart, and furnishing food for the imagination. Philosophy is the flour, thrashed from the grain, ground by the mill, stored in barrels, and ready for use in supplying food for the body. Each is beautiful, each is useful, in its own proper place; and just as the grain necessarily precedes the flour, so Poetry must first open up the minds of men to receive Philosophy, while as the grain is comparatively useless, unless ultimately converted into physical food, so Poetry fails of its object, if it does not result in establishing sound Philosophy. Yet as no sensible man would scatter flour through a field of grain, or fill a meal bag with green stalks and beautifully-curving heads of wheat, so we think Wordsworth would have shown a truer taste by separating his natural, artless Poetry, from his modern and refined Philosophy, thus rendering the one more beautiful and the other more exact.

A MEDLEY, MEDDLING WITH THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

KIND READERS :—Time was when the sky revelled in a heavenly blue and every face met on the Campus, or in the streets expressed comfort and peace. The stores on Nassau Street glowed upon you with benevolent sympathy and readiness to meet your wants. The trades-people were ever ready to give you unlimited credit—it was quite refreshing. Every curve of trunk, bough or twig that met your eye, seemed to say: it is delightful to be in Princeton. You then were an Alladin with his wonderful lamp and could at any moment have your slightest wish gratified.

But times have changed. Alas! The sky may be blue, but it is so only to mock your gloom. The faces you meet may be masked in an expression of light-heartedness; but, as in an ear of corn, the husk must be torn off before you can be sure that what is concealed beneath is solid and healthy. The stores and trades-people with their credit are harpies ready to devour every morsel of your feast and leave you with empty pocket and burdened conscience. The trees are bare and dismal.

Alladin has vanished and you now seem, like Dante and Virgil, to be peering into the infernal regions. Tremble! as the magic words that have wrought this change appear. They are, the Science of Language. Let me explain the process by which gloom has veiled the glad joyousness of nature.

I am in the Senior Class. Latin is one of our elective studies. Floods of sunbeams poured down on the day when the choice was to be made. "No man's education," thought I, "is complete without a knowledge of Latin. What rare tit-bits, too, for a literary epicure are dished up in Latin. The professional or literary man without it is like one who

has to go on a cork substitute for his natural leg. The important end sought in college training is symmetrical development and harmonious education of the faculties. Latin will be a prime load-stone to aid in securing this end, and it will be of ever recurring use in after life to be able to read Latin fluently." Imagination here floated me out of sight of firm land into a region of evanescent shadows and shifting tapestry of gorgeous clouds.

Elate with the fair fabric imagination had built, and recurring to the arguments in its favor, the decisive act was consummated and I took Latin. No act is trivial; it may be the first link in a chain of far reaching consequences. A stone, removed from one of the groined arches upon which a noble pile is built, may cause a marvellous conception, embodied in massive stone, to crumble to a confused heap of ruins. Such an act, and such an edifice, was my decision. Too late—it was evident that Latin and the Science of Language were either Siamese twins or a married couple. No divorce could be secured, for Indiana is far away. The black cavern of despair swallowed me, from whose abysses, reverberating among the gloomy passages, this discourse was uttered. "The Science of Language only profits those who study it long and zealously. Why trace the genealogy of Greek verbs from their Sanscrit progenitors, when you take no interest in the subject, and will soon forget all you hear? Don't store away two or three skeletons selected from the Paleozoic-Sanscrit-strata. Your friends will not be interested in the dry bones, and they will be mere pedantic lumber to you." The voice of the cavern was persuasive. Examinations came and I stumped on the Science of Language. My grade was desperate. The world ceased from laughter and scowled. Then I learned that—all appearances to the contrary—the world is a vast ocean of misery. The surface may heave placidly, and lovely and

soft light may rest on its bosom, but all is dark beneath. Turn not from this sad tale, thinking of the Arab Chief; after a frugal dinner of cheese and asses' milk, standing in front of his tent, he was wont to blow a trumpet and announce that all the potentates of the earth had his gracious permission to dine.

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN.

A love for the Beautiful is a characteristic of the human soul. Whether we enter the region of moral truth and excellence, the domain of artistic fancy, or the field of nature's works, beauty when perceived is loved, and over the heart thus loving, it exerts a powerful sway. Hence apart from other causes, we have a reason why Female Beauty has ever been potent to charm the hearts of men, and to lead, as willing captives, earth's proudest conquerors bound with flowery fetters to her victorious chariot wheels.

The dazzling beauty of Cleopatra, enhanced by her sparkling wit and ready knowledge, threw an enchantress' spell over the bloody conqueror of Gallic hordes, and oriental tribes, and kept Cæsar from the post of duty, dallying in the arms of pleasure. Instances without number could thus be cited of Beauty's triumph over nation's lords.

In the history of our race the greatest and most important events have often resulted from apparently trivial causes. And it is our intention now, by giving a brief sketch of the life and character of Queen Anne Boleyn, to show that the power of her beauty over the mind of Henry VIII. was the cause of important influences to the civilized world.

Anne Boleyn, born in the year 1507, was descended from illustrious parentage, her grandfather having been Lord-mayor of London, while her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, was attached to the king's court, and had successfully executed important embassies to foreign powers. On her maternal side she was descended from the highest nobility of England. At the early age of seven she was appointed maid of honor to the king's sister, and accompanied her to France. We next find her at the French court, under the protection of Claude, the new Queen of France. Here she received her education, and acquired those accomplishments and graces, which, added to her great natural beauty, rendered her the most brilliant and fascinating lady of her times. At the death of her protectress she returned to England, and became maid of honor to Queen Catharine, the wife of Henry. She was at the time twenty years of age, and not only more beautiful and graceful, but also more witty, gay and accomplished than any of the young court ladies, and shone by far the brightest star in the splendid constellation of English beauties assembled at the royal court. It was now that the eyes of the monarch rested upon her; and charmed with her exquisite beauty, and captivated by her winning manners, he became deeply enamoured of her. And finding, by reason of her strict virtue, (which seems to have been a rare article at his court,) he could in no illicit manner gratify his passion, he entertained the idea of raising her to the throne. At the same time he was becoming estranged from his faithful wife, Catharine of Arragon, as she was growing old, and her beauty fading. So his time-serving conscience accusing him violently for marrying his brother's wife, he would fain make instant reparation by putting away his wife according to Mosaic law. But great difficulties arose. Catharine had powerful friends who could not be insulted with impu-

nity. She was an earnest and devoted Catholic, and the Pope was her firm friend, and refused to grant Henry the sought divorce. Undeterred, however, by these opposing obstacles he persevered in his endeavors, and after six years of patient toil, enlivened by his courtship, he at length came to an open rupture with the papal power, and, taking on his own head all responsibilities, divorced Queen Catharine, and married the Lady Anne, whom he had created Marchioness of Pembroke.

For three years she enjoyed the favor of her royal husband, during which time she gave birth to a daughter, who in after years held the reins of the nation in a firm and steady hand, and now shines in History's page as the Maiden Queen, the lion-hearted Elizabeth. But short was the glory of our unfortunate heroine, and sad and tragic was her end. Henry, who appears one of the greatest monsters that ever filled a throne or held a sceptre, had transformed his affections to one of her maids of honor, and to remove her, whom he no longer loved, he lent an eager ear to the whispered calumnies of her malicious foes. On the 2d of May, 1536, she was therefore arrested by his order, and confined in the Tower, charged with the crime of adultery. Within two weeks she was tried, and, although no true evidence could be brought against her, was condemned, and in four days her beautiful head fell beneath the axe of the executioner.

The character of this ill-fated queen, as it comes to us from the lapse of three centuries, is one that appears to the beholder a rare example of feminine loveliness, while her grievous and *undeserved* misfortune excites a deep feeling of commiseration in a sympathetic breast. It is true she had her failings, and her behavior toward her kind mistress Queen Catharine was such as to incur merited censure. But we must make allowances for the frailty of human na-

ture, as well as for the times in which she lived and for the circumstances by which she was surrounded. It was not her fault that her beauty first triumphed over Henry's heart, and then the temptation of a crown and of the estate royal was mighty enough to dazzle and overthrow the better judgment of any girl of twenty. Of the alleged crime for which she suffered death, there remains not a reasonable doubt of her entire innocence. Her education in France had given her a freeness and apparent levity of conduct which, disliking the stiff haughtiness of English manners, had led her into expressions which her enemies construed against her. But the joy exhibited by the king on hearing of her execution, and his marrying the next day the Lady Jane Seymour, afford us the true reason of her death.

Endowed by nature with rare beauty and grace, her mental accomplishments were by no means inferior. Her wit and readiness of speech were such that at her trial, although she had counsel, she so well answered all objections, that she produced in the minds of all present a firm conviction of her innocence. In the famous letter she wrote the King from her confinement, she evinces besides much nature and elegance, a spirit of Christian forgiveness, and while she maintains her innocence her last request is not for herself, but for the innocent gentlemen, who were imprisoned for her sake, and suffered a like fate. Her disposition was kind and gentle, and to her friends she was generous and affectionate. She was considered the patroness of the reformed religion, and favored the Protestant doctrines that were then being spread through England, while Cranmer and other great reformers were her friends and counselors. But let us now consider those great influences to effect which she was the unconscious agent in the hand of Providence. These were, the weakening the power of the

Pope, rendering England a Protestant country, and thus increasing the spread of the Gospel among the people. Had King Henry remained faithful to his wife Catharine, who was a zealous Roman Catholic, the rupture with the Pope would have been avoided. But wrought upon as he was by the beauty of the fair Anne, he, in his endeavors to make her his wife, went to such lengths as to call down upon his head the thunders of excommunication, only to show their utter harmlessness. And thus besides the loss to the Pope of the powerful English nation, the question of his supremacy, which had sustained such a shock at the Reformation in Germany, received another powerful blow, from the effects of which it has not yet recovered. At the same time this was the cause, though remote, of making England a Protestant country. For when the ties which had held England for centuries bound to the Papal throne, were dissolved by an act of Parliament under Henry's control, the spell was broken, and never again did she for any length of time return to her former allegiance. Although under Mary's bloody rule, she was obliged to submit to the papal yoke, yet the blood she spilt and the fires she lit, served but the stronger to cement to the nation a love for religious liberty. And so the Gospel's spread was increased and widened. For where the Romish Church shut the Bible from the people, Protestantism put it in their hands, and encouraged them to read; and as years rolled on, these great effects widened and deepened, exerting an influence over millions of the most enlightened of our race, all of whom owe a tribute of gratitude to the memory of the fair but unfortunate Queen Anne Boleyn.

His X Mark.

MAX MULLER'S VIEW OF MYTHOLOGY.

The fabulous stories which are found to characterize remote antiquity are highly colored like the beauties of the dawn, and also usher in the rising splendors of the sun of literature. The Grecian, Roman, and Norse mythology have greatly this characteristic, and they have generally furnished the field of the earliest literary efforts. The Trojan war furnished the subject of Homer's masterpiece, and many Greek tragic writers have found most suitable materials here.

But whence was the origin of mythology itself has long been a question, answered, indeed, but not so clearly and fully as we are now about to explain.

The barbarous state of society, the infancy of a nation, is strongly marked by peculiarities, differing perhaps in different nations, but in many respects common to all. One point of agreement is the strong tendency to imaginative and metaphorical ideas. This may be compared to youth in the life of a man, which stage is marked by activity of the imagination, and it is quite remarkable that this should be the gift of barbarous ages, while by far the greater part of poetic culture is the lot of enlightened nations. The explanation which is offered of the origin of Mythology is that these myths were the allegorical representations which men gave of external phenomena of nature, when they were first struck by them. Thus at sunset they would say that fair Eurydice had been stung by the serpent of darkness, and that Orpheus was gone to seek her among the dead; and so at sunrise they would say that Eurydice was returning to the earth; and when they observed that the peculiar beauty of the dawn disappeared, when the sun was risen, they would say that Orpheus had looked round at Eurydice too soon and so she had vanished from his sight

(quoted from Cox's *Mythology*). We see in this the tendency to personification which we notice that children so easily take up. A child readily sees a man in the moon, or finds a fairy land in the changing shades and shapes of the red-hot coals. It readily attributes any sound it hears on Christmas night to adventurous Santa Claus. It may also be observed that children are more prone to use metaphors and to personify when they are forcibly struck with the beauties of nature, which seem at once to dispose their minds to a poetic mood. Now to realize fully the view of mythology we are giving, we must transport ourselves in imagination to the times when there was no learning, and no scientific research,—to those times which are now attracting considerable attention, the times of the primeval man. It is quite a pleasant task to picture such times to myself, so interesting do they become by being so far removed. But we must notice that these beautiful myths are not common to all nations. In some nations we have, instead, disgusting superstitions and the dreadful rites of human sacrifice. It would seem that the nations of the temperate zones so wonderfully and so greatly blessed, even in this beginning gave promise of the glory they have since attained. In some climates, indeed, it seems as if the genial current of the soul was frozen by chill penury. The inhabitants of Patagonia, for instance, show this.

The Mythology which we speak of now is supposed to have originated in Arya, whence emigrated the inhabitants of modern Europe, and among them the Greeks and Romans. The poetic and infantile mind of the inhabitants of Arya, when mythology was beginning to form, may be illustrated by similar phenomena among the race of Indians when they were first made known to the nations of Europe by the reports of discoverers. What has been preserved of them in names, in speeches, &c., has quite a similar charac-

teristic. Vigor and beauty of imagination and metaphorical expression are here found, not less developed, perhaps, than among the Aryans. Indeed, this characteristic is so striking that one of the most eminent writers on Rhetoric has not thought it unworthy of especial notice. Now, though there may be differences corresponding to the peculiarities of each, and to the different countries they inhabited, yet the same fact is illustrated, that barbarous nations have imagination and some sentiment very highly developed. We find the same fact re-appearing when we notice that poetry is older than prose.

But one point especially to be noticed is, that this superstition, as it really is, affords additional proof of the existence of God. Man, when left to himself, gives utterance to this one great truth. Seeing things above his comprehension he immediately refers them to some higher power. And it is to be carefully noticed that it is only after knowledge given man pride and self-confidence that he presumes to deny the God who made him.

MILTON'S SATAN.

The position held by Satan in *Paradise Lost* is a most prominent one, so much so, indeed, that he has been thought by many to be the hero of that poem, and even such a man as Dryden is found advocating this opinion. Addison's idea, though, seems to us far more in accordance with the true view of the case:—*Paradise Lost* was never meant to have any hero, but, if we *will* have one for it, it is undoubtedly the Messiah himself. But, while we do not

agree with those who would exalt Satan to the first place in the poem, we do yet feel it to be undeniable that he occupies a position second, in *prominence*, to none; Adam's is totally unable to bear comparison with his, in this respect, and, indeed, if we had no one to whom we might look, we would be forced to adopt Dryden's opinion.

Occupying so prominent a place, in a book so widely read and so universally admired, it is not to be wondered at, that the most of our ideas of Satan are drawn from *Paradise Lost*, and, for this reason, it is much to be lamented that Milton's account does not more closely coincide with the Scriptures. That it is far different, though, admits of no doubt, and our present purpose is to look at one or two points in which this difference is most apparent, leaving to yourselves the task of noticing the lesser, but not less real errors.

In the personal character of Satan, Milton retains somewhat of nobility, even though he is dealing with one so deeply fallen, while for this there is no sort of Scripture warrant. Wherever he is there spoken of it is with characteristics of the utmost depravity without a single redeeming trait, but, in *Paradise Lost*, while held up to our detestation, he is yet clothed with qualities that command our respect.

And the same, or rather greater inconsistency is found in the deeds accredited to him. For instance, that part on which the whole of the rest lingers, the fall of the angels, is utterly wrong,—erroneous in its conception, erroneous in the whole manner of its treatment. The chapter in *Revelations*, on which Milton's whole fabric is built, manifestly refers, not to what has been, but to scenes to be yet, in the fullness of time, enacted in Heaven. It is after the twelve hundred and sixty prophetic days have passed, that Michael and his angels are to drive forth the great dragon

from Heaven, and not till then. And the only other two passages that speak of the fall of Spirits (Jude and II. Peter ii.) cannot be made to refer to the Devil and his crew, for they tell of angels condemned, and cast into the blackness of darkness, there to remain chained to all eternity; while it is certain that the followers of that old serpent, the enemy of God and man, are at perfect liberty to go over the world,—yes, and even to Heaven itself. It is to be regretted that a part of the poem so highly wrought and so full of noble thought and still more noble expression, should be vitiated thus, having been founded on an error. But still can we read and admire it for its lofty imagery and fine poetic fancy, and, laying it aside, still can we exclaim with Isaiah of old, “How hast thou fallen, O Lucifer, thou son of the morning!”

And further, there is no passage, in the whole Scriptures, that can lead to the conclusion that Satan ever has been cast into Hell, but, on the contrary, many which seem to show the opposite. That he will, in the end, be thrown into the lake of fire is a certainty, for so we are distinctly taught in more places than one, and those prophetic visions of the seer at Patmos, which we have seen before to have proved a stumbling block in Milton's way, also here led him into devious wanderings. We think we are stating Gospel truth when we affirm that Satan never was in Hell; the Bible speaks of him as in Heaven accusing man, and as on earth tempting man, but never in Hell, nor does it ever insinuate that such could be the case. So we are obliged to look on the fine description of Pandemonium, the magnificent debates held within its precincts as only poetry without even a foundation of truth. But, at the same time, we need not cease admiring them, just as we look upon the allegory of Sin and Death as among the finest passages of the whole work, while yet, as an allegory, it does not pretend to be in accordance with strict fact.

What is our conclusion? That we should cast aside a book, acknowledged to be one of the finest works the world has produced, because being poetry it is too poetical? By no means; but to read,—aye, study it, but, at the same time, to be on our guard not to implicitly trust it;—to attempt to get only poetry from it, and to seek for Scripture truth in naught else than the Bible.

THE MISTLETOE.

The sun has risen high in heaven, and pierces wind-swayed trees,
Beneath whose netted roof there strays sunlight through trembling leaves.
From brake all clambered o'er by vine comes sound of tusked boar,
And noise of fluttering wing, and song of bird, and dismal caw.
And over there a gnarled oak with massive twisted roots,
Has forced apart the forest growth by boughs that wide outshoot.
Yet closely look, and you will see the mistletoe clings there,
A dark green bunch upon yon bough, the Druid's jealous care.
Now perfumes rise from flower cups, and grateful is the shade,
While babbling near a slender rill tells that it here has strayed.
But Winter's hand will touch the scene and trace bare trees with white,
Congeal the rill in ice, dismiss the flowers and birds from sight.
The mistletoe in deepest green will then stand forth alone,
Kissed here and there by flakes of snow; yet gusts of wind will moan
Among the bare cold boughs which tossed about, like searching hand
Will seem to seek the scattered leaves, or else with threat, demand.

Olla-podrida.

DEAR READER AND STILL DEARER SUBSCRIBER :—The editors of the Feb. number of the Nassau Lit. salute you. It is with trepidation, and great flutterings of the heart that we seat ourselves in the editorial chair graced by so many illustrious and worthy editors who have gone before us. We feel deeply the responsibility of conducting this Lit. safely through the breakers of a literary sea. Knowing full well the responsibility that threatens us on every side, we send forth this number of the Lit., the medium through which the students of this college convey their thoughts on different subjects to the outside world, in the hope that whatever is seen amiss in it will be passed by in charity. We feel that we owe an apology to our readers for not issuing this No. of the Lit. at its proper time. We should have done so; but it, in a great degree, was not our fault. We complain of the lack of interest manifested by the students of this college. for the prosperity and maintenance of the Lit. Gentlemen, you do not support the Lit. as you should, by your contributions and means. The NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE seems to be appreciated less at home, than abroad. It is not without honor, save in its own college. In a college as large as ours, the students should make it their grand object to support the College Magazine, and strive to make it, what it deserves to be, the best college Lit. in the country. We have the ability and the energy in our college. Exercise, then, that ability. Exert yourselves to support the Lit. as it deserves to be supported. Subscribe, contribute, and make your editors happy. Again the editors salute you, and in vacating the editorial chair, wish for the Lit. greater prosperity in the future, under the new editors.

Many of our readers will be pained to hear of the decease of Mr. Parke, of '63. After his graduation he entered the Theological Seminary; but his

health failing, he was obliged to discontinue his studies for a time. His death was caused by disease of the brain. He leaves a large circle of friends in Princeton to mourn his loss.

ELECTION.—On election day a vote of the students was taken to ascertain the politics of the college. In order to make the voting exciting, two candidates, selected from the Senior class, were nominated as Governor—one as the Republican, the other as the Democratic candidate. The college went 59 Republican majority. Each of the classes gave a majority in favor of the Republican candidate. The class votes stood as follows :

'71—17 Rep. maj.

'72—13 “ “

'73—12 “ “

'74—17 “ “

On the following Thursday evening there was a grand consolidation fire around the cannon—Republicans and Democrats alike participating. At 8 o'clock the students assembled around the cannon, when the speakers for the evening being introduced, they held their audience spell-bound by the flow of their eloquence, and the keenness of their satire and wit. The country was again and again pronounced lost, if certain principles were permitted to be thrown broadcast over the country, and again and again was the country said to have been saved, by these very principles.

The evening seemed to have been given up to festivities. In one part of the campus were a few lovers of Terpsichore, shaking the “light fantastic toe” to the music of a banjo and mouth organ, played upon by two Republicans of African persuasion. In another part, a crowd of students were playing foot-ball by the light of the fire, and of the moon. In a third part of the campus were the fire works, and around the fire were the orators spouting. The fun was kept up until a late hour, when the fellows left for their “downy”, well pleased with the events of the evening.

PROCLAMATION BY '73.—Last session the Sophs issued a proclamation kindly (?) permitting the Freshmen to carry canes. Taking into consideration that the Fresh have been carrying canes ever since they have been in college, we think that this proclamation was uncalled for, and in every degree “pretty thin.” It accomplished one object, for which, no doubt, it was intended, that is, in giving the Fresh the “grins.”

We clip the following from the New York *Observer* of Jan. 12th :

“The thinking people of New York are to have a rare opportunity for instruction in the lectures of Dr. McCosh, to commence Monday evening, Jan. 16th, in Association Hall, corner of 23rd Street, and 4th Avenue. The lectures are to be ten in number. The learned lecturer will examine the rationalistic infidelities of the age, and furnish to young men, and all men, in his own lucid and cogent style, that clear and ample refutation which true

Science gives to all error. The lectures being on the Ely foundation of the Union Theological Seminary, are primarily designed for the students of that institution; but their great value coming from such a source, and at such a time as this, has led to their being thrown open to others."

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.—The Philadelphia Association of Princeton Alumni held their annual meeting on the 22nd ult. The Association numbers over one hundred members. The Hon. Judge Strong presided. Addresses were delivered by many members of the Association, and the warmest affection was manifested for the college whose sons were assembled to do her honor, and keep alive old attachments and associations.

HALL ORATOR.—Mr. Wm. W. Belknap, Secretary of War, has been appointed by the American Whig Society, to deliver the annual oration before the two Halls at the coming commencement. Mr Belknap is a graduate of the class of 1848, and is well known as an orator of great reputation. Last year Clio Hall appointed Secretary Robeson as the Hall orator. This year Whig Hall appoints Secretary Belknap to deliver the annual address.

THE TWO HEADED GIRL.—This wonderful specimen of humanity was exhibited in Princeton last session. She has two heads; four arms; one body; and four legs. She can converse on two different subjects at the same time; and sing in two parts Soprano and Tenor. She is very active, and moves on her four feet with as much freedom and grace, as any ordinary person. Accompanying her were two of the tallest specimens of the animal creation in the shape of a man and woman, it has ever been our fortune to behold. Both stood eight feet in their stockings. Also a bearded woman who may be taken as the herald of the dawning of Female Suffrage. She may be taken as an example of what Female Suffrage would come to if carried out to its full extent. We would rather they would suffer without a beard than with one.

THANKSGIVING.—This day of feasting was fitly celebrated in Princeton. In the morning religious exercises were conducted in the chapel; Dr. Shields preached the sermon which was listened to with deep interest. A great many of the students went home to eat their thanksgiving turkey.

JUNIOR ORATOR APPOINTMENTS.—The Junior Orators appointed to speak the night before Commencement are:

Whig.

ATWATER, N. J.,
J. LANE, Md.,
MARTIN, China,
G. WILSON, Penn.,

Clio.

BERRY, Del.,
DANIEL, Iowa,
DUVAL, Md.,
C. MURRAY, Oo.

We feel sure that the Gentlemen of the Committees have made a good selection, and that the gentlemen appointed will acquit themselves with credit to their Halls on the J. O. stage.

WHO ARE THEY?—Many were surprised to hear that when the class of '70 graduated there were three or four members of that class married men. We think there will be a similar sensation when our class graduates. We understand that there are two or three men in the present Senior Class, who have taken unto themselves better halves. They have gone and done it. Who are they? This question has been asked; but no answer comes back to tell us who are the lucky, or, it may be unlucky men. It is a mystery, and we suppose it will be a mystery until after they graduate. Gentlemen, whoever you are, you have gone back on the class. Let the race be fair and even. Are you not ashamed to make the other fellows jealous? The unfortunate ones have this consolation, that the married men are ruled out of that "*cup*."

COLLEGE CATALOGUE.—The annual catalogues for the years 1870 and '71 were issued at the close of last session. They are a marked improvement upon the last catalogue both in size and contents. The catalogue contains a list of the Honor-men of all the classes, except the present Freshmen, the Fellowships, Prizes, &c., to be competed for by the Senior, and other classes. It is the intention of the Faculty to issue another catalogue this session; containing the College Calendar for the year—Notices of the organization of the College—Buildings and Apparatus—Funds and Endowments—Departments of Instruction—the 123rd Commencement, and other recent Public Acts, and proceedings. This second catalogue will be out about the middle of this session.

SENIOR EXAMINATIONS.—We understand that the Senior Final Examinations, will include every branch of study gone over by the class since Freshman year. The class at the end of Soph year were lead to believe, that, as they stood an examination on the first two years, there would be no other examination on those years; but the decision of the Faculty has been announced in the catalogue, and the Senior Class in consequence will be obliged to follow out the decision of the Faculty in this respect. Prof. Packard has given out that portion of Sophomore Latin we are to be examined upon.

FOOT-BALL.—This healthy and invigorating game was indulged in to a great extent by the students last Fall. Bruises seemed to have been the order of the day; but the fellows rushed in with a relish. Towards the end of the season the rush and tumble game was played, which added more to the excitement of the game.

Several class matches were played. The Senior picked 25 are the champions of the College. A picked 25 from the College played 25 from the Seminary. The Seminoles gave the College 25 a pretty tight rub; but they were defeated after a well contested game. The third game of the series between the Rutgers 25 and the Princeton 25, was played here on the 19th of November, resulting in a glorious victory for the Princetons by a score of 6 to 2.

The Rutgers played well : but the Princetons out-played them in every point. After the game a supper was given to the two 25s with their umpires ; where both sides showed themselves to be as good trencher men, as they were foot-ball players. A few weeks later the Rutgers were challenged to play us another game on their own grounds : but they declined the honor : having had enough, as they said, of the Princeton foot-ball twenty-five.

SENIOR CLASS PICTURES.—Mr. Warren's catalogue of the pictures taken last Fall for the Senior Class have been distributed. He took in all. Groups, Views and Photographs of '71, about 250. His specimen pictures sent on are very good in an artistic point of view, and reflect much credit upon Mr. Warren as a photographer. The photographs are to be delivered by the 15th of March ; at which time it is to be hoped Mr. Warren will be prompt in his delivery, and not make our class wait as long as some of the former classes were obliged to do, before they got their photographs. A large number of the class are having their pictures bound in book-form, which makes them more convenient to handle, and greatly preserves the pictures. The Imperials of the class are especially good. If Mr. Warren will be as prompt in the delivery of the pictures, as we hope he will be, we would recommend him to succeeding classes, as a first rate Photographer : as one who thoroughly understands his business.

PILLOW'S PICTURES.—Pictures of George Pillow of '71, who died in the 3d term of Junior year, have been received by the class. The photographs were struck off from an India ink portrait made by Mr. Howell, of N. Y. for Pillow's mother. All those who desire to have Pillow's picture bound in with the rest of the class, can hand them in to the Photo. Committee, and Mr. Warren will bind them in with the others *free of charge*.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—Quite an excitement was occasioned one night last session by the cry of fire. On arriving at the scene of commotion a small building back of Reunion Hall was found to be in flames. No doubt the fire was the work of an incendiary. Many of the fellows distinguished themselves in their heroic endeavors to extinguish the flames. Only *one* story of the edifice was in any way injured. Total loss to the college. *Not insured.*

The following appeal has been made in the papers in behalf of the "Graves of Princeton":

"An effort is now being made for the purpose of enlarging and improving the public cemetery of Princeton. Although Princeton cemetery is held by the Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, it has for generations been used as the place of burial by all the people, and by the College and Seminary. It contains the ashes of many of the illustrious dead, whose fame is part of our national inheritance. This cemetery needs to be enlarged, protected and improved. Twenty-five thousand dollars will be a

required to accomplish this object. An appeal for aid is therefore made, not only to those whose dead are interred within its walls, but to friends of our public institutions, and to all who feel an interest in the ground wherein rest the remains of Edwards, Burr, Davies, Finlay, Witherspoon, Smith, Green, Carnahan, Miller, the Alexanders, Dod, Stockton, Bayard. The Princeton cemetery is thus rendered sacred in the eyes of the whole country. Its present condition is a source of constant mortification. We earnestly call upon our friends to send donations promptly, large or small; but send something immediately. Contributions may be sent to the Hon. C. S. Olden or the Rev. Wm. Harris, Treasurer, Princeton, New Jersey."

FAKIR OF BRAMAH.—A slight-of-hand man calling himself the Fakir of Bramah, exhibited his tricks in Princeton a few weeks ago. He advertised that numerous presents would be given to all those buying tickets. Among the presents were a live pig, and \$10 in money. Cook's Hall was crowded with students all eager to get the pig—or the money. The performance was a miserable "fizzle," but the greatest attraction was the drawing of presents. The lucky men were a Senior, and a Junior. The former drew the pig; the latter drew the ten dollars, which we think was the more acceptable of the two prizes. The pig fell in merciless hands, and soon went the way of all porkers. Spare-ribs and ham were the favorite dishes for a time with that gormandizing Senior.

Quite a large number of the students living at a distance stayed in Princeton during the Winter vacation. Most of them live at too far a distance to go home and spend any length of time, on account of the shortness of the vacation.

CHAPEL STAGE SPEAKING.—This great epoch of Senior year passed off very satisfactorily to all concerned, the last six weeks of last session. The class was divided into six divisions. One division spoke every Saturday to the close of the session. All the divisions had music and programmes, and three or four had division suppers, where many proved themselves better at eating than at speaking. We are sorry to say that nearly one-half of the class "stumped" outright, and failed to put in an appearance on the stage. Modesty, we suppose, was the cause of their non-performance. We have a very modest class in that respect. We hope we may be excused if we say a few words in this connection relative to the great lack of exercise in speaking in this college. We think that public speaking should be encouraged to a greater extent. We come here to prepare for the active duties of life, and no exercise will so well fit us for our after duties as the practice of public speaking. We think it would be a good plan to have speaking weekly in each class. We boast, and justly too, of the high standard of our college; but in respect to thorough drilling in speaking we are far behind many colleges. A great majority of students come to college with a view of en-

tering a profession. A student who wishes to pursue the profession of Law or Divinity needs the practice of public speaking more than any other class of men. It will be his business continually to address public assemblies, and the habit of public speaking acquired in college will better fit him to discharge his duties than all the theoretical knowledge how he should speak, he can cram in his head. We say again, there is no branch so much neglected in the college as public speaking. Give the students greater opportunities of perfecting themselves in this art, and Princeton College will turn out as many statesmen and public men in the future as she has in the past.

CROMWELL'S ART ENTERTAINMENT was the finest thing ever exhibited in Princeton. The subjects comprised, Rural Homes in England; Italy and Art; Scenes in Rome; Paris; the Rhine-land; Egypt; Switzerland; the Holy Land, and all the noted places in Europe and America. Each subject of illustration formed separate and distinct entertainments: and each occupied an entire evening in its representation. The instrument used to produce the scenes is a Stereopticon, which makes the scenes produced have a life like appearance. The representations of statuary elicited great applause from the audiences. The statues and views were produced with such vividness that one would imagine himself gazing on the original scene, or walking through some huge gallery filled with beautiful works of Art. These entertainments have been pronounced "superlatively valuable as an educational assistant, showing, as they do, with absolute truthfulness, interesting scenes and objects of history which can be seen only by expensive and distant travel." Mr. Cromwell exhibited five nights, each night different views, and we only regret that he came during examination week, thereby depriving many of the students of the pleasure of seeing this work of artistic skill and genius. His finest production was a transformation scene called, "No cross; no crown."

We miss this session the smiling faces of many of our Freshman friends. They have left us, and we mourn in sorrow their premature graduation. We hope, however, to see them back at no distant day to resume their arduous duties.

THE OBSERVATORY.—When will we get to using the Observatory? This has been a question asked by many anxious inquirers. When our class were Freshmen we were told we would have the use of it by our Senior year. Senior year is now nearly passed, and never a gaze have we had through the Telescope. To us the moon is as yet made of green cheese. Uranus a myth; the music of the spheres a fraud; and the celestial bodies confusion confounded. For the last year we have had the theoretical in astronomy; but not the practical. "The telescope will be here soon," has been ringing in our ears so long that we have given up all hopes of ever taking a peep through it. We hope, however, that soon, by the munificence of Mr. Bon-

ner, of the New York *Ledger*, who has promised to give \$10,000, under certain conditions elsewhere mentioned, towards fitting up the Observatory, we will have the finest telescope in the country.

Last session Dr. McCosh delivered a course of lectures before the Seminary students in their chapel, on subjects touching upon modern infidelities. A large number of the students of the college attended the lectures.

ACCIDENT.—A very sad accident occurred here a few weeks ago. A woman living down Witherspoon St. attempted to start a fire by pouring coal oil on some wood to make it burn better. The wood was placed upon some coals that had nearly burned out. The oil ignited, and running up into the can, exploded, and immediately wrapped the woman in flames. In her fright she rushed out into the street, and in so doing only increased the flames. Some men put the fire out by wrapping a quilt around her: but not before she was burned almost to a crisp. She was carried in her house, and died before morning, another victim to coal oil explosions. The accident was all through carelessness. We hear every day of so many accidents arising from coal oil explosions that one would think that people would be on their guard. They cannot be too careful in using the coal oil that is made now-a-days. It is adulterated to such a degree, that any one having any care for his life should be careful how he uses it. Some Legislative action should be taken in regard to this adulteration of coal oil. It should be held as a crime, and thus be the means of saving many lives which are now in hourly danger of explosions.

ORGAN CONCERT.—The Grand Concert and Organ Exhibition in the college chapel, Jan. 17th, was attended by a large audience. The performers on the occasion were Mr. Diller, Organist of St. Mary's church, Brooklyn. Messrs. Jos. P. Pennington and J. C. Pennington, Organists. Also the Beethoven Quartette, of Newark. Mr. Cohen, 1st Violin and Soloist: Mr. Hinds, 2d Violin; Mr. Farrel, Violincello; and Mr. Ward, Pianist. The organists acquitted themselves well upon this noble instrument; especially Mr. Diller, who taxed the full power of the organ in all its combinations. The playing of Mr. Cohen on the violin was, we think, the main feature of the evening's entertainment. He was repeatedly applauded, and showed himself a master of the violin. The concert was given in honor of the new organ just put up in the college chapel. This organ was presented to the college by Mr. Henry Clews, of New York City, and was built by Messrs. Hall, Labagh & Co., of New York. The organ has two manuals, compass from CC to G. It has 23 registers—18 are sounding stops, the other 5 mechanical. The case is a light screen of grained oak, and the front pipes are handsomely gilt and polychromed. Dr. McCosh, between the first and second parts of the programme, stepped forward and made a few remarks. In the course of his remarks he publicly thanked the giver of the

organ, Mr. Clews, who was present. He also mentioned the names of many generous friends of the college such as Green, Jay Cooke, Bonner, Marquand, &c., each name, as it was pronounced, was received with great applause. At the close of his remarks three cheers, and the Nassau rocket were given for Mr. Clews. The proceeds of the concert are to go to the Princeton B. B. Club.

It is with sorrow we learn that Prof. Guyot, our Professor in Geology and Phys. Geography, is too unwell to attend to his duties here at present. Last term the class were disappointed in not having the Prof.'s lectures in Phys. Geography, and hoped that this session he would be so far recovered as to deliver his lectures. We understand the Professor has gone to California to recruit his health. We wish him a speedy return, recruited in health, and able to resume his duties in the class room. During Professor Guyot's absence the Senior class will have lectures in Physical Geography by Mr. Gilman, of Yale College, who will also lecture to the Juniors during the rest of the college year in this branch of study.

JUNIOR LATIN.—Professor Packard has published selections of Cicero's Letters in pamphlet form. These letters are selected from Parry's Edition of Cicero to meet the wants of the class. Prof. Packard, also, has begun a special class in Latin and the Science of Language, in the Senior class. This special class is designed for the purpose of enabling those who wish to take a more thorough and comprehensive course in Latin, the opportunity of doing so. Many of the class have embraced this opportunity of perfecting themselves to a greater degree in this branch of study. The special class will, in connection with the regular Latin of the Senior year, study the formation and construction of the Greek and Latin languages.

The Seniors who are taking Greek this session are having lectures on Greek Literature by Prof. Moffat.

OVER-COATS STOLEN.—A number of over-coats have been stolen from the halls of several of the boarding-houses this Winter. Be careful where you put your over-coats or they will be gobbled up before you know it. It is a pity these sneak-thieves could not be caught. It is not a very pleasant thing to have one's overcoat stolen in the midst of Winter. We speak from experience. The young Japs, who are preparing for college are among the number of the unfortunates. It is hardly safe to hang up an over-coat in the halls at the clubs in the evening, they are so liable to be taken. Our loss is somebody's gain.

DR. MACLEAN, is still in Princeton enjoying we believe very good health. He is at present engaged in writing a history of the college, which we hope will be given to the world at an early day. The Dr. is still cherished in the hearts of all the students who were under him. The present Senior Class

is the only class now in college that was here under Dr. Maclean's administration.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE COLLEGE.—A graduate of a few years standing, coming back for the first time after his graduation, would scarcely know his Alma Mater, so wonderfully has she changed in so short a time as three years. He would miss many old land-marks; his eye would be greeted with many noble works of improvement, concerning which, in his student life, his wildest wishes for the prosperity of the college would have been tame, compared to the present appearance of things. Within a very short space of time Dickinson Hall, the finest college recitation building in the country has been built. The days of dark, comfortless recitation rooms have passed away, and we wonder as we look at the well lighted, comfortable rooms we now use, how we ever could be induced to make a "rowl" in the old rooms. The Gymnasium, that "Temple of Muscle"; the Observatory, where future Seniors let us hope, will read the starry heavens; Reunion Hall fast approaching completion; the extended chapel; all have sprung up within a year or two. The college grounds have been improved; new paths made; the grounds graded, and shade trees planted. The college grounds were laid out from designs made by Ik Marvel, landscape gardener. We understand it is the intention of the Trustees to remove the house now occupied by Dr. Atwater, and throw all into a campus from the President's house, down as far as the campus in front of Dickinson Hall extends. This will give us a campus second to none. Next Summer East and West colleges are to undergo a thorough over-hauling. They are each to have a French roof, and new windows and doors are to be added. We think it would greatly improve the appearance of East and West, to have shutters to the windows. They look so bare without them. The iron fence in front of Dickinson Hall and Dr. Atwater's, has been finished, and greatly adds to the appearance of the campus. We may safely predict, that when all these contemplated improvements are completed, we will have the finest college grounds, and most commodious, and pleasant college buildings to be found in the country.

JAPS PREPARING FOR COLLEGE.—Messrs Kow and Yamata two young men from Japan are preparing in Princeton, under a gentleman in the Seminary, with a view of entering college. They are bright looking young men, and we have heard well informed. When they enter college they intend to take a scientific course. We hope many more of their countrymen will follow their example.

MARRIED.—The following may interest some of those students who had the pleasure of sitting at the feet of Prof. Comfort in French and German.

"In Norwich, Ct., Jan 19th, by the Rev. Daniel Mannering, Prof. Geo. F. Comfort of New York, and Miss Anna A. Manning, M. D. of Norwich, Ct. No Cards." We wish the happy couple all the comforts of this life.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING.—At a meeting of the Senior class held Jan. 28th, the class voted to have a promenade concert in the campus the evening of Class Day. We are glad the class have come to this conclusion for we think the promenade concert is the main feature of the class-day exercises. A supper was proposed; but the majority of the class were in favor of a concert. A communication from the "*Sooners*" was read. Mr. B. B. Warfield was appointed to get up the statistics of the class and have them published.

The class also voted for the prizes to be given on class-day. The prizes are as follows:

The Pugilist,	Our Diffident Man,
Our Evergreen,	Paul Pry,
Wide-awake Man,	Sweet Warbler,
The Twins,	Our Eloquent Man,
Most Punctual Man.	Most Graceful Man.

The "beautiful snow" came down in all its glory the last part of January and lasted for some time. There was very fine sleighing for nearly a week, and many of the fellows took this opportunity of indulging in sleighrides. The sleigh-bells jingled and Princeton was quite lively. We regret to say that some thoughtless students took a sleigh that was standing in front of the Methodist Church and after driving around town for awhile stabled their horses in the lower entry of East College, where they were found the next morning by their enraged owner. This ought not so to be.

Dr. Atwater commenced his course of lectures on "Assent" in the Seminary chapel Friday evening, Jan. 13th. The Doctor's course of lectures is especially delivered as an answer to a work entitled, Grammar of Assent by the distinguished English Roman Catholic, Dr Newman.

FORMAL OPENING OF THE PHILADELPHIAN ROOMS.—On Tuesday Evening, Jan. 31st, the new Philadelphian rooms were formally opened. These rooms are situated on the third floor of the Geological Building. The old Senior and Junior recitation rooms were thrown into two rooms. The larger one is used for a place of meeting, and the smaller one used as a reading room. These rooms are so arranged by means of folding doors, that when necessary they can be thrown into one large hall. The apartments are fitted up very handsomely, carpeted, and furnished with walnut settees and chairs, and lighted with gas. Both rooms were crowded. The exercises commenced at 6½ o'clock. Dr. Atwater opened the meeting with prayer. After the singing of a hymn, Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn addressed the Society. In the course of his remarks he congratulated the Society in having such fine rooms set apart for the worship of God. Dr. McCosh made a few remarks, Drs. Duffield and Macdonald led in prayer. Rooms of this sort have long been needed here, where the students might meet for prayer. These rooms were fitted up and furnished by liberal christian friends of the college. May the

Society have greater influence for good in this college than it ever had before.

GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.—There is to be a gymnastic exhibition at the gymnasium on Saturday, Feb. 18th. The proceeds of the exhibition are to go to the B. B. Club, to help defray the expenses of the tour next Summer. There will be some fine performances. All should go.

DICKINSON HALL.—On account of some disarrangement in the heating apparatus, Dickinson Hall was evacuated for nearly a week. The boiler burned out by some means, thus cutting off all means of heating the building. While the needful repairs were being made the Seniors met for recitations in the chapel, the Juniors in Dr. Alexander's room, the Sophomores in Dr. Guyot's room, and the Freshmen in the Philadelphian rooms. The repairs have been made and we are now back in our accustomed haunts in Dickinson Hall.

MILLERITE JUBILEE.—The 11th of Feb. was the day appointed by the followers of Joe. Miller, as the end of all things earthly. This is about the 50th time they have announced the celestial fire-works to be exhibited with terror to terrestrial inhabitants. They were again doomed to that disappointment which they have suffered on so many previous occasions. We shall hear no doubt of some good excuse why the fire-works were postponed. We think this is another "sell" of that world renowned joker, Joe. Miller.

AUTOGRAPH BOOKS.—Why is it that the Senior class is so backward in respect to Autograph Books? There does not seem to be as much interest manifested in regard to them, as has formerly been the custom. The whole class should have a meeting and decide upon a class autograph book. Do not let the class of '71 leave college without having this memento of college life. We hope the class will not neglect this matter.

NEW COLLEGE PAPER.—A new fortnightly journal of twelve pages called *The College World* is to be started and conducted by members of the college. Messrs Martin and Kase of '72 are the editors, they are assisted by J. C. Pennington, A. Williams, M. Dennis, J. Boyd, N. W. Wells and A. H. McClintock, to whom special departments have been assigned. The special editors will have charge respectively of the base ball, boating, and chess interests. The paper is to be devoted to the interests of the college. Letters will be contributed by graduates and friends in foreign Universities. The first number will be issued March 1st. A subscription of twenty cents is asked from each student to pay the expenses of the first number and if they like the paper they can give in their subscriptions for the year. We wish for this new enterprise great success. The students can well enough support the paper and the Lit. These two college mediums should not conflict with one another; but should sail along smoothly together. We shall look with

great interest for the *College World*, and hope that it will be ably supported by the college.

The editors would return their thanks to Prof. Welling, for the gift of several copies of his address on the Sources of Literary Inspiration delivered at his installation as Professor of Belles Lettres.

ENDOWMENTS TO THE COLLEGE.—Mr. Robert Bonner, of New York, has promised to give the sum of \$10,000 toward procuring instruments for the Observatory, if the requisite amount (thirty or forty thousand dollars), is received before the 1st of March. We have reason to believe that Mr. Bonner will give the above mentioned sum if only \$20,000 can be raised by the founders of the observatory. The sum of three thousand dollars from the Elizabeth fund is to be used in the purchasing of rare and valuable books of research for the college Library. A new Library building is much needed in which case the present building could be used as an art gallery. The Museum is being fitted up by friends of the college. A Lady in New York has promised a collection of beautiful and rare shells for the museum as soon as it is completed. Many offers of contributions have been received, and gifts to the College and Museum are pouring in on every hand. Mr. Clews, of New York, presented the college chapel with a fine new organ which cost \$2,500.

ALL ARTICLES for the April number of the *LIT.* must be handed in by the 11th of March. A prize of **TWENTY DOLLARS** will be given for the best prose essay.

TERMS: \$2 00 per annum, *strictly in advance.*

CONTRIBUTIONS are solicited. All contributions must be addressed to the **NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, Box 139, Princeton, N. J.**

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COLLEGE NEWS.

HARVARD UNIVERSITIES.—William Everett and Henry Adams, both well known in literary circles, have lately been added to the faculty. The new Thayer Hall, erected last year at a cost of \$93,000, has been opened, and now two new halls are soon to be erected, one by Mr. Nathan Matthews and the other in memory of the late Stephen M. Weld. The college yard at Harvard now has a quadrangle of buildings.

From the *College Courant* we have the following account of the Holyoke House:

The building will differ from the other dormitories in having stores in the first story fronting on Harvard street, and also in having a large restaurant and laundry. The house will not be conducted as a hotel, but the restaurant and laundry will be carried on by separate parties, under contract with the officers of the corporation, and the rooms, which will be in suites, will be let to professors and students as living rooms, while a portion will be kept free for the accommodation of guests. The upper stories will be finished so as to contain on each floor 11 parlors, 19 bed-rooms and 11 bath-rooms, also large closets and coal rooms, attached to each suite. There will be a dumb waiter, or lift, for the purpose of getting in coal, &c., and the building will be provided throughout with all needed conveniences. The building will certainly be a very desirable place of residence for students and professors. It will accommodate 120 persons.

A new course of preparatory studies has been arranged to suit those who wish to devote themselves more to Mathematics. It includes Plane Trigonometry and Elementary Mechanics. An applicant may get his entrance to college by passing the examinations in either the usual or new course of study, but those who enter on the latter course, will be admitted to advanced sections in Mathematics and Physical Science.

The following hint to our students of German comes from Yale:

A club has been formed in the Junior class for consumption of sour-kraut and pretzels. German alone is used at the table.

Cambridge and Rugby have adopted the continental pronunciation of Latin and Greek.

The *Madisonensis* says: "We have in our institution twenty-one married men; from these have descended nineteen children, and one Sophomore has a son in the Junior Academical class." —*Cap and Gown*.

We clip from the *Chronicle*:

"This year, a young lady will be metamorphosed into a bachelor of laws." Our faith in the truth of metempsychosis grows.

Rutgers College, at New Brunswick, N. J., has one hundred and sixty-three students at present, the largest number ever on the college rolls since its existence.

The trustees have just purchased from Captain Dow, the naturalist, a collection of over four hundred tropical birds, including some of the rarest specimens in the ornithology of Central and South America. Among them is a species of crane over six feet high. A taxidermist is to be employed at once to mount these new accessions to our ornithological cabinet. Mr. Greene Smith, whose noble gift to the University in this line is so well

known, writes that he has one hundred and ninety new specimens to add to the collection which bears his name.—*Cornell Era*.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—Three new scholarships (of \$2,500 each) have been founded.

AMHERST.—The alumni of Amherst, living around Chicago, display enterprise, and love for their alma mater, in a manner worthy of imitation. As this year is the semi-centennial of the college, a special commissary and sleeping car is to be engaged for the trip from Chicago and back. As the village is small, and can furnish but limited accommodations for the crowd the occasion will attract, the western deputation will run their own independent show by switching off their palace cars and making them serve as hotels.—*College Argus*.

OXFORD.—The Viceroy of Egypt has presented to the University of Oxford, where his son, Prince Hassan, is now a student, a complete collection of Oriental literature, printed at Boulak, comprising seventy distinct works, in one hundred and forty volumes.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—We are pleased at learning that the effects of the epidemic are almost ended. We clip from the *College Argus*,

THE SICK.—The "Hospital Corps" has returned with almost its full strength. Many that formed it were very sick and gave up all ideas of college. But they have, happily, recovered, and we now have reason to congratulate ourselves that so many of them are with us.

EXCHANGES.

The following is a complete list of our exchanges: *Annalist*, *Amherst Student*, *American Educational Monthly*, *Brunonian*, *Bethany College Guardian*, *College Argus*, *College Journal*, *College Mercury*, *College Review*, *Chronicle*, *Cornell Era*, *Cap & Gown*, *College Herald*, *College Courier*, *College Courant* (Yale), *College World* (Dartmouth), *Dennison Collegian*, *Dalhousie College Gazette*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Hamilton Lit. Monthly*, *Irving Union*, *Iowa Classic*, *Lafayette Monthly*, *Madisoniensis*, *McKendree Repository*, *Targum*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Union Lit. Magazine*, *University Reporter*, *University Press*, *Vidette*, *Williams Review*, *Williams Quarterly*, *Yale Courant*, *Yale Lit. Magazine*.

The *College World* (monthly), which takes the place of the *Griswold Collegian*, began its career in Jan. Its typography and contents are good.

The *University Press* (semi-monthly) published at Madison, Wis., comes to our table for the first time. It claims an extensive circulation, one copy even being sent as far as Scotland.

We greet our neighbors from the Provinces, the *Dalhousie College Gazette*, and are glad to add it to our list of exchanges.

The New York Evening *Post* of Dec. 6, 1870, has the following :

"Iowa papers have been glorying over a nugget of pure copper, weighing over one hundred and sixteen pounds, found in Munroe county. The nugget has been submitted to the examination of some scientific gentlemen, and declared to be an aerolite.

The nugget above referred to has been presented to the cabinet of Iowa Wesleyan University, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. The following inscription upon a plate of copper has been attached to the specimen. "*Found on the farm of Cyrus Day, Munroe County, Iowa. Presented to the Cabinet of the Iowa Wesleyan University by H. L. & D. M. Miller, Albia, Iowa.*"

The *Brunonian* in a new and attractive dress, is as interesting as ever.

The Editors acknowledge their indebtedness to A. D. Walbridge, Esq., (class '67) for several pieces of music, songs of his own composition. He composed the beautiful song, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

We clip this from the *Hamilton Lit. Monthly* :

"Princeton College expels every student who writes letters to the gentler sex. So says the *Cap and Gown*."

The *Cap and Gown* must have been attired in a night-gown and night-cap, and dreaming, when the above statement was started on a tour among our exchanges.

The editors of the *Harvard Advocate* say :

"The *Nassau Lit.* comes to remind us that Princeton College still exists, though we had almost forgotten the fact."

A college that has given a host of able statesmen to the U. S. should not be so readily forgotten.

The following notices of the *NASSAU LIT.* may interest our subscribers :

The *Nassau Literary Magazine*, from Princeton, is beyond comparison the most beautiful in appearance of all college magazines, and we think we might add with equal truth, of all American magazines. A very able and suggestive article in the last number was that on "College Autocracy."—*Chronicle*.

The *Nassau Lit.* is the handsomest of our exchanges, and its contents do not disgrace its appearance.—*Williams Review*.

We congratulate our brothers at Princeton on the character of their magazine and shall look with interest for each succeeding issue.—*Lafayette Monthly*.

We welcome the October number of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*. It is a quarterly, and by far the finest magazine we have seen, as regards typographical execution. It is conducted by the Senior class of Princeton College. Its contents are very good, especially the article on "The Mission of the Beautiful."—*College Herald*.

A SHEAF GLEANED FROM THE EXCHANGES.

An Illinois grave-digger who buried a man named Button, sent a bill to his widow as follows: "To making one Button hole, \$2."—*Era*.

This is the pure, undiluted English for Jordan is a hard road to travel: Perambulatory progression, in the pedestrianary excursion along the far famed thoroughfare of fortune, cast up by the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine, is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties.

It has been observed by an amateur ornithologist that wild fowl generally die game.

Why is a man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Because he is a seeking what never existed.

"NOTICE.—Young ladies promenading our streets after nightfall, will please desist from throwing stones at students' windows."—*Miami Student*.
Oh pshaw!

A professor of a celebrated college asked the question: "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "How sir," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth.

The *Harvard Advocate* gives the following

TO PUPILS IN ELOCUTION.

"The human lungs reverberate sometimes with great velocity,
When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity;
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and punch the diaphragm as though the deuce was in it.

CHORUS.—The pharynx now goes up:
The larynx with a slam,
Ejects a note,
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm."

THE LOVERS.

IN DIFFERENT MOODS AND TENSES.

Sally Salter she was a young teacher, who taught,
And her friend Charley Church was a preacher, who praught!
Though his enemies called him a screecher, who scraught.

His heart when he saw her kept sinking and sunk,
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking, and wunk;
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking, and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed.
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,
And what he was longing to do then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke:
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode,
They so sweetly did glide, and they both thought they glode,
And they came to the place to be tied, and were tode.

Then homeward he said let us drive, and they drove,
And soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove:
For whatever he couldn't contrive, she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole,
At the feet where he wanted to kneel, then he knole,
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,
While Time his swift circuit was winging and wung:
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung.

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught—
Was the one that she now liked to scratch and she scraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing, and froze,
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze
The girl he had wished to be squeezing, and squeeze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left,

"How could you deceive me, as you have decept?"

And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft!"

—*McKendree Repository.*

A wealthy Parsee, of Bombay, has given \$3,600 to the college of St. Xavier, (Romanist): thereby signifying his conversion to *pay-parsee*.—*Vidette*.

A PROFESSOR having intercepted a note from a masculine Senior to a lady student, in which was the line, "My *sole* longs for thee," grimly exclaimed, shaking one of his pedal extremities: "Oh, yes! how my *sole* longs for thee, sir."—*College Courier*.

"We all owe something to our College," as the Senior said when he left without paying his term bill.—*Williams Review*.

Appropriate to the season is the following beautiful stanza, after the style of "Beautiful Snow," and of equally doubtful authorship:

Softly, softly, while we slept,
Came the snow-flakes gently down.
Came and sorrowfully wove
A shroud of white for the buried town.

We rose with feelings eager and intense,
And hired a middle-aged Anglo-African shovelist
To clear our side-walk off for fifty cents.

Chronicle.

At Oberlin Saturday comes on Monday; or rather, the weekly holiday is Monday instead of Saturday. This is to allow young ladies attending college, who manage their own domestic affairs, an opportunity of observing the traditional household washing day.

TONIS AD RESTO MARE.

O mare æva si forme,
Forme ure tonitru,
Iambicum as amandum,
Olet Hymen promptu;
Mibi his vetas an ne se,
As humano erebi,
Olet mecum marito te,
Or *Eta Beta Pi*.

Alas! plano more meretrix,
Mi ardor vel uno;
Inferiam ur arte is base
Tolerat me urebo.
Ah me! ve ara scilicet
Tu laudu vimen thus!
Hiatu as arandum sex,
Illuc Ionicus.

Heu! sed heu! vixen imago,
Mi missis mare sta:
O Cantu redit in mihi,
Hibernas arida.
A veri vafer heri si,
Mihi resolves indu.
Totius olet Hymen cum—
Accepta Tonitru.

The Pacific makes this ingenious calculation:

Weigh the ordinary classical College course against all other modes of education whatever: assume that one man in a hundred is a graduate; then, calculating probabilities on the data given lately, we should find that, by going through College, a man increases his chances for the presidency in the ratio of 150 to 1; for the vice-presidency, in that of 133 to 1; for the premiership, in that of 580 to 1; for the speakership, 340 to 1; for the supreme bench, 367 to 1; for the chief justiceship, 500 to 1; for the average of the six positions, 295 to 1.

PERSONALS.

- '48, Wm. W. Belknap, Secretary of War.
- '67, Henry Hazlehurst, Practising Law in Philadelphia.
- '67, E. E. Samuels, Commission Merchant, St. Louis.
- '69, Freeman, in Washington, D. C.
- '69, C. Hazlehurst, reading Law in Philadelphia.
- '69, Keasby, Harvard Law School.
- '69, F. H. Mills, studying Law at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.
- '69, W. H. Park, died recently in Ohio.
- '69, W. Laylor, studying Medicine in Philadelphia.
- '70, H. R. Whitehill, State Geologist, Nevada.
- '70, B. E. Backus and H. M. Torbert have entered the General Theological Seminary, New York.
- '70, J. L. Cooper, teaching in the preparatory department of the University of the South, Sevanee, Franklin Co., Tenn.
- '70, S. A. Willis, in the firm of P. J. Willis & Bro., Galveston, Texas.
- '70, Tanner, teaching in the Philadelphia Blind Asylum.
- '70, S. Gummere, studying Law and *Cosmetics* in Trenton.
- '70, W. Gummere, " " without cosmetics "
- '70, Guernsey, practising "*Similia similibus curantur*" successfully in Philadelphia.
- '70, Buck, studying Medicine hard (?) in Baltimore.
- '70, Suplee, studying Theology in Union Seminary, N. Y.
- '70, A. Henry, teaching School in Germantown, Pa.
- '70, F. H. Pierce, studying Law in Hillsborough, Vt.
- '71, T. C. Pears, Paper Hanging Business, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- '71, W. J. Bingham, Clerk in Penna. Central R. R. Office, Philadelphia.
- '71, Austin, studying Law in Galveston, Texas. To be admitted to the Bar in a year.
- '71, Reeve, Mixing Poison in Boston, Mass.
- '71, Burt, studying the Sciences in all the Universities of Germany.
- '71, Billmeyer, in the Car Business, York, Pennsylvania.
- '71, Holbrook, Assistant State Treasurer, Oregon.
- '71, Milligan, returned from his foreign travels and rusticing in Philadelphia.
- '71, Armstrong, in the Mount Holly National Bank.
- '71, Applegate, studying Blackstone in Indiana.
- '71, Hepburn, Marble "*Biz.*" at Williamsport, Pa.
- '72, Levick, in the Rubber "*Biz.*" in Philadelphia.